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WITH FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE PILGRIMS' WAY. SIXPENCE.

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The Hon. E. Stonor. Abbot Helmer.

The King.

THE KING AND A CLERICAL GOLFER: HIS MAJESTY CONGRATULATING THE ABBOT OF TEPL, WHO DROVE THE FIRST BALL ON THE MARIENBAD COURSE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY HERR STADTRATH RUBRITUS, MARIENBAD.

When the King formally opened the new golf-course at Marienbad, the first ball was driven in his Majesty's presence by Abbot Gilbert Helmer, of Tepl, and the King congratulated him warmly on the excellence of his performance.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"Appointed for use in the National Schools of Japan." This touch of humour appears on the title-page of a little sixpenny pamphlet, called "The Decline and Fall of the British Empire," which catastrophe is related by a Japanese writer at Tokio, A.D. 2005. It appears that ten years earlier our improvidence of men in the Navy, and our indifference to the military training of the people, and the complacency with which our mercantile marine was manned by aliens, caused us to be overwhelmed by an invader after our food-supplies had been cut off by treachery. The horrid details are somewhat vague; but the historian is less concerned with them than with the moral causes of our overthrow. He notes that in the year 1905 Lord Rosebery gave a racehorse the "gloomily felicitous" name of Cicero. Was it because Lord Rosebery had a low opinion of Cicero, or a high opinion of the celebrated animal that won the Derby? The Japanese writer treats it as a grim omen. Cicero, like our own public men, did nothing but talk. "Shortly after Cicero talked about it, the Roman Empire began to decline. Empires do not ask for orators. They ask for men of action who are prepared to do their duty." Even in 2005, you see, the Japanese still practised the reticence which provoked a loquacious Europe and a still more loquacious America a century earlier. There are no Japanese orators, I believe; and so strange is the neglect of an elementary branch of education in Japan that no politician there has ever been known to consume the public time by showing how an opponent said this, that, or the other thing long ago, whereas he says the other, that, or this thing at the present moment.

The Japanese author passes in melancholy review the educational system which produced superfluous clerks instead of useful handicraftsmen, and taught "the farmer's boy a thousand and one facts of history against his will, leaving him ignorant of the nature of the earth and the soil he had to plough." Statesmen were brought up to know "more about golf-sticks than rifles, and more about Parliamentary tactics than the military requirements of the Empire." There was a great love of the ancient Classics. Eminent men were never weary of insisting on the national importance of compulsory Greek. Thousands of educated Englishmen read "how Athenian democracy perished at the hands of demagogues without ever dreaming that political, municipal, and working-class demagogues were destined to be amongst the most salient causes of the future downfall of England." Sidney Smith once declared that he cared nothing for the party system, but had a passionate love for common justice and for common sense. Evidently, by the year 1995, Sidney Smith and his sentiments were out of date, and a passionate love for the party system was the ruling characteristic of every upright citizen. I need scarcely warn the reader, however, that the Japanese author must not be taken as an impartial witness, for his native incapacity for gable disqualifies him for judging the voluble Mother of Parliaments. Moreover, in a country like Japan, where every man is a soldier, inspired by the ideal of sacrifice as a national duty, how can a writer, even in 2005, appreciate the exalted motives which made us shrink from military training?

Lord Roberts has been telling us that if the manhood of the nation were a "great potential reserve" of military force, we should have a supreme guarantee of peace. No nation would venture to attack us. He does not see that the manhood of the nation is already preoccupied with looking on at football-matches, carrying trade-union banners in Hyde Park, listening to M.P.s whose tongues have solved the problem of perpetual motion, or reading in an unctuous morning paper that the world is "ripe for disarmament." Our Japanese author remarks that "God's law concerning the survival of the fittest" determines the fate of Empires. He cannot have studied the impressive writings of the pious sages who teach that the survival of the fittest is the invention of base materialists, and that the history of mankind shows how nations have survived and thriven, not by horrid war, but by the prayerful handling of plough and pruning-hook, and a stern abhorrence of all warlike weapons. The Japanese gentleman makes the surprising statement that the English, in their habitual ignorance of war, "alternately deified and damned their generals"; whereas, he adds, they ought to have cultivated by military exercises "that soldierly and statesmanlike frame of mind which is based on a knowledge of what grim war really means." But national tastes must differ. It may be helpful to the Japanese to know what grim war really means; but to our own ardent youth the joy of watching hired teams at football is the true stimulus of patriotism. When they have any leisure for reading, they will turn to Tolstoy, who is again assuring us that the way to abolish all human ills, especially armies, is to destroy the Governments of

the world, which levy taxes and make wars for their own selfish gratification. What do we want with Governments at all? Why should not every man do exactly what he pleases? How silly to preserve nations! Only one association of human beings is praiseworthy, and that is a football team.

The Alpine season this year is distinguished by an agitation for the rescue of the Jungfrau. That Andromeda of mountains is threatened by a Dragon, known as the Monster Hotel. Should the monster uplift his horrid form, that mountain will be swallowed up. When you arrive at Mürren, you will say, "Where's the Jungfrau? I don't see her. What have you done with that merry little mountain maid?" And the natives, slightly abashed, will point to the Monster Hotel; and then you will become aware that you cannot see the mountain because the hotel is so big! Is this what is meant by all this writing in the *Times* about the ruin of the Alps? Does it occur to none of the writers that it is a very poor compliment to the majesty of the Jungfrau to assume that it can be threatened by a building which, however large, must, by comparison with its surroundings, be the most trumpery object in nature? If I had a room in that Monster Hotel, I should feel more tremendously overawed by the mountain than if I passed the night in a shepherd's hut. The futility of man's handiwork beside Nature's would strike me far more forcibly. But some eminent persons seem to be born without any sense of proportion. There is Sir Martin Conway, who was telling us the other day, in the most amazing screed I ever read, that any body of persons above the number nine constituted a Crowd, and that a Crowd was senseless, immoral, and about as degraded as Caliban. Pleasant reflection in an omnibus, when it is full inside, or at a dinner-party, when there are just ten at table!

And now Sir Martin Conway discovers that the Crowd is filling the Alps with monsters which are going to devour the peaks. Another correspondent of the *Times* informs us that the mountains should be reserved for "poetic contemplation." Nobody should be permitted to visit Switzerland unless he or she is a certificated poet. Perhaps Sir Martin Conway will kindly sign a warrant that the bearer is not one of the Crowd. Tourists capable of "poetic contemplation" might not be numerous; probably they would not number more than nine. Some members of the Alpine Club would have to omit Switzerland from their travels. Of all the mountaineers I have known not one ever talked about the poetry of the Alps; but they had a good deal to say on the subject of boots. Who is the Manfred that writes to the *Times*? Does he sit on a dizzy crag and commune with Astarte? Does he return to the *table d'hôte* in the evening and favour the ladies with a little blank verse? Is the visitors' book at the hotel enriched with an Ode to the Jungfrau, acquainting her with her imminent peril, but pledging her his aid, and the aid of other champions who befriend all damsels in distress? I never came across this poetic person; but it is scarcely necessary to say that anybody who wants to be contemplative in Switzerland, away from the vulgar herd, can gratify his passion to any extent in many places. There are at least a hundred and twenty miles of mountains; and if the poor, dear, sensitive thing cannot find some lonely spots to embellish with his exquisite musings, for Heaven's sake let him take a guide, or a hint or two from the hotel porter!

Certain parts of Switzerland are bound to be overrun by tourists. Why not? It is futile to imagine that you can have a beautiful country to yourself, or make it the monopoly in the holiday season of a few chosen spirits. What is the use of lecturing the Swiss because they seek to accommodate a great influx of visitors as a matter of business? It seems that the English visitors are a minority; and if the hotel-keeper would be content to provide for the poetic English, there would be no occasion to construct monsters and frighten the nervous Jungfrau. I like this modest assurance. The Swiss are to sacrifice the majority of their clients, who are to be politely requested to stay away. "Don't come here," the hotel-keeper is to say to the Germans; "this country is exclusively reserved for the English. We should like your money; but we must think of the English, and their love of poetry, and their knightly zeal to protect the timid Jungfrau. By the way, we are about to change her name; we are going to call her the Young Person. It is English, you know; therefore we cannot have any monsters bringing a blush to her cheek." It would be most engaging to hear the Swiss hotel-keeper talk like that; but it never crosses his mind, apparently, that he is sacrificing his country by welcoming a host of tourists. He cannot see that a funicular railway disfigures a mountain; nor, for that matter, can I. You can wander over that mountain for hours as poetically as you please and never be conscious of the railway's existence except for a puff of smoke. Save by a mind as fantastic as Ruskin's, without Ruskin's genius, how can that be treated as an affront to the sublimity of the Alps?

A FERRY.*

Nearing the Lake of Shadows I came up with the tradition of this ferry, and resolved to follow it (the tradition) to its source. After a time my road suddenly took a turn and went directly down to the waters. I was surprised, and a bit disappointed, for I saw no sign of the sought-for ferry. Near by was a little house completely ivy-clad; a young man, mounted upon a broken-runged ladder, was trimming the ivy; away, in front of the house, stretching outwards till it disappeared under the water, was a kind of low broad wall, by the side of which sat an ungainly boat, with oars lying over the gunwale. In the quiet the click of the man's shears rang out, mingling with the call of a blackbird from a hedge hard by, the bold chirp of sparrows from the housetop, and the velvety lapping of a waveless tide on a pebbly beach. For several minutes I stood still at the road-end, absorbing delightful impressions. But life must go on: the ferry must be gained: I looked at my watch. It was within five minutes of ferry time, and no ferry in sight. I hastened forward to the ivy-trimmer. "Can you direct me to the ferry?"

"You're at it." He never lifted his eyes from his work.

"Where?" said I in surprise.

"Here," said he. "There's the waitin'-room." With his shears he indicated the door below him.

"But I can't see the ferry."

"If you can't see it," he said, in reply to the second part of my observation, "it's to an eye-doctor you should complain instead of to a ferryman. Look out from ye," he said; "see if ye can see a purty big boat at a long quay?"

For some time I stood in silent wonderment, contemplating "the Ferry." I pulled out my watch. "At what time does this boat start?" I asked. "Half-past ten," was the reply.

"But it is five minutes after half-past ten now?"

"Humph!" he said in pitying tone, "them five minutes will seem a mighty short time to you the day you're going to the graveyard."

And the shears went on "click-click, click-click." After some moments he said, "You can either sit down in the waitin'-room, or, if you be one of these chaps that likes to be swallowin' air, you have your choice of stones to sit on, without."

I went to the open door of the waiting-room and glanced in. It had a clean-swept clay floor, and a white form was arranged along each of three walls. The entire throng here awaiting the ferry-boat consisted of one shawled country girl with an umbrella and seven parcels. On the girl's face was a resigned look; she leant forward, apparently gazing upon the calm scene disclosed out of doors. I strolled twenty yards farther on to where a granite rock offered an inviting seat. There I sat down, drew forth a bundle of proofs that haunted my conscience, and a fountain-pen, and went to work. After a little, hearing a gate open by the side of the house, I glanced over my shoulder and saw a bearded working-man of about fifty years of age, tall, slightly curved, heavily booted, pipe in mouth, and hands in flapped trowser-pockets, emerge, deliberately advancing one foot past the other, then the other past the first, and so on. Arrived at my shoulder, he said, "That's a grand mornin' out and out, glory be to God." His eye was very attentively bent upon what I was doing.

"Yes, glory be to God," I said, "it is," and resumed my work. After some minutes spent in puzzled observation of the proof-reading process, he tried me with a few casual remarks, to which I, being industrious, gave rather hurried, unencouraging replies.

"I suppose it's nigh on startin' time?" he said.

"It is nearly a quarter of an hour after the time," I said—curtly, I fear.

"Oh, is that all?" He calmly laid himself down on the grass by my side, where he continued smoking and observing my work and the landscape alternately. After five minutes, during which time neither of us spoke, he turned, looking in the direction of the house, and called to the young man upon the ladder.

"Char-les, we'll slither!"

My neighbour hereupon resumed a restful position.

Charles now came over and stood at my shoulder, puzzling over the mysteries of proof-reading. Both of them watched me. With the tail of my eye, as I worked, I observed the girl who had been in the waiting-room pass down the quay, her two arms being hooped around a wealth of parcels, her umbrella depending from the farthest part of the circumference. Having reached the point whereat the boat rode, she looked round her, and waited. My two friends still gave me all their attention. After a few minutes, he who sat upon the ground sighed, put a hand under him, and slowly raised himself up. He took the pipe from his mouth, stretched his arms to the skies, and yawned. He put forth one foot very deliberately, and then drew forward the other. He turned his head towards me, and said—

"We may as well be slitherin'." And he slithered.

The younger man stepped into his tracks, slithering after him. I got up, pocketed my proofs, stowed away my pen, fell into line, and slithered after that. When they had got the country girl, all her bundles, and myself into the boat, they slowly shoved off, and the ferry-boat with its crowd slithered over the lake.

Both men sang and whistled happy-heartedly as they leisurely plied their oars; and they bade me a cheery good-bye, and God-speed, when, having paid my threepenny fare, I stepped out upon dry land. A big, white-lettered, black board was staring me in the face as I stepped up the "quay." On approaching it I found that it was a presentation of the ferry tariffs. "Tuns of wine" were listed thereon, "barrels of tallow," and other items which impressed me with the idea that I had fallen into Rip-Van-Winkle land. I carried my eye to the bottom of the board, where was the signature "Isaac Montgomery," and the date, "1st January, 1836!"

S. M.

PEACE.

When the plenipotentiaries met on Aug. 29 for their adjourned sitting, nobody expected—least of all, possibly, themselves—what would be the result of their conference, but within a very short time the Russian envoys returned to their hotel with the news that Peace was actually concluded. The Japanese, with the magnanimity characteristic of their whole attitude throughout the war, felt that it was not in accord with their chivalric sentiment to continue the struggle for a mere question of gold, and accordingly waived the indemnity, accepting the half of Saghalien. It must be remembered, however, that although our allies have shown an excellent statesmanship, they had no means, however brilliant future victories in Manchuria might have been, of actually forcing Russia to pay an indemnity, and the struggle might have been prolonged to exhaustion. For Mr. Witte this ending to the Conference is no small diplomatic triumph; to Mr. Roosevelt it must be most gratifying, for if he did not actually modify the views of the belligerents, he at any rate kept the Peace Conference alive until both sides saw their way to an agreement. Whatever details of victory Japan may consider she may have missed, she has at any rate secured her position in the Far East for an indefinite period, and by winning back Manchuria for China she has placed herself in a position with regard to that Empire which will certainly be the most important factor in the future development of the Far East.

AN AMERICAN DESCRIPTION OF MR. BALFOUR.

An American journalist—amateur or professional—has just favoured the *San Francisco Call* with a portrait of the Premier, from material culled at an official "At Home" at Downing Street. "Mr. Balfour is not like his portraits," he writes. "His face is not so well modelled nor so pretty as the artists have conspired to draw it. His face is manlier; the cheeks have jowled; it is not so refined. Looking at the head *en profile*, there is something disconcerting, frog-like about the eye. His head is the Cecil head—long, narrow, mallet-shaped, balanced, yet perky, the crown far back." A good "story," but many will doubt its accuracy.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BLUE MOON," AT THE LYRIC.

Of the tedious conventionality of musical comedy we may say, as a certain House of Commons resolution once said of King George's power, that it "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." While the Gaiety, in piece after piece, offers a pert Cockney story which relates the eccentric doings of a group of Cook's tourists and winds up in some Continental costume-ball, Daly's has been wont to give us a sort of sugary romantic theme which shows a foolish young English officer or planter making strictly honourable love to a sun-burnt damsel of the Far East. The new Lyric play is a variant on the familiar pattern of "The Geisha," and all that need be said of its trite and wearisome construction is that the locale is Burmah—hence English officers in white ducks and native princes in their country's costume parading the stage; that the leading "funny" parts are those of a sham Indian juggler, once a drum-major, and a comic English private, who pairs off with the inevitable lady's maid; and that the "colour-line" is duly respected by making the Indian singing-girl—who, by the way, is very prettily impersonated by Miss Florence Smithson—turn out eventually to be the abducted daughter of an English lady of rank. Between the story and the music of "The Blue Moon" there is little incongruity; for if Mr. Howard Talbot may be credited with furnishing the piece with an effective operatic finale for Act I. and an admirable opening chorus for Act II., Mr. Paul Rubens's melodies, it must be confessed, are somewhat thin and colourless, being merely calculated, as in the case of "The Crocodile" and of "The Poplar and the Rainbow," to catch the encore of the pit. The main interpretation of the piece, too, is neither seismic nor soporific—merely rather dull. Mr. Courtice Pounds is uncomfortable in the part of a stout and amorous English major; Mr. Passmore is not quite so amusing as Mr. Huntley Wright used to be in the rôle of an officer's servant; and Mr. Edouin falls below "Florodora" form in an endeavour to make something of the character of the sham juggler.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Promenade Concerts maintain such a level of excellence that there would be nothing but the monotony of praise in any record of the performances, were it not that the management cunningly introduces what, for lack of a better term, are known as "novelties." The chief of these during the past week has been a symphonic poem, entitled "In a Balcony," by A. von Ahn-Carse. It is inspired—we use the term without too much meaning—by Browning's poem; but as far as any musical intention goes, the connection is not very apparent. The composer is first of all influenced by Wagner—that is to say, he sustains the tone, and strings together long-drawn phrases. The result is the usual fiasco of too obvious imitation of the Master. Far more interesting was the first performance in England of the closing scene of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," in which the part of Tatiana was taken by Mrs. Henry Wood and Onegin by Mr. Frederic Austin. The honours of the performance, however, remained with the orchestra. If the concert-programmes reflect anything, it is the increasing deference to Tchaikovsky, of whose works under Mr. Wood's hand we cannot have too many hearings.

TOLSTOY ON KINGCRAFT.

Under the title "The One Thing Needful," Count Leo Tolstoy began in the *Times* of Aug. 29 a long philosophical and historical examination into the causes of the sickness of his country. Sketching first the horrors of the recent campaign, he asks who is to blame, and he finds that it was not the fault of the Tsar or the Mikado. They are but the machine that rendered such a thing possible. Consequently, it is the fault of those who have arranged the machinery. What, then, he asks, is this machinery, and who arranged it? Thereupon he reviews the history of Russia from the time of Ivan IV. The passage certainly does not fail in plain speaking, and the nearer he gets to our own times the plainer he becomes. Nicholas I. is described as the "coarse, cruel, uneducated soldier"; Alexander II. was "unintelligent, unkind, alternately liberal and despotic"; next we have the "completely stupid, coarse and unenlightened Alexander III." To-day heredity has tossed upon the throne a weak-minded Hussar officer, and he, with his hangers-on, undertakes his Manchuro-Korean scheme, costing hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of roubles.

Nor are Russian rulers alone in the chastisement. We hear of an unconscientious, cruel scoundrel and rake, Henry VIII.; of the greatest hypocrite and villain, Cromwell, who executed another similar hypocrite, Charles I., and relentlessly ruined scores of thousands of lives. He has as little mercy upon the Louis and Charleses of France, whom he credits with a similar succession of villainy, murders, executions, slaughters, ruinings of the people and senseless wars. Under the one epithet of "disgusting" he sweeps together Catherine, Louis XI., James of England (which?), Philip of Spain (which?), Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. The submission, Tolstoy says, of a whole people to a few men might in some way be justified if these men in power were, if not the very best, at least not the worst—"if sometimes at least these rulers had been, if not the best, yet honourable; but this is not so, never has been, nor can ever be so. It is only the worst, the most insignificant, cruel, immoral, and, above all, deceitful people who rule. That that is so is not a casual circumstance, but a general rule, the necessary condition of power."

Here, of course, it is impossible to follow Tolstoy, and the deliberate wrongheadedness of this unfortunate passage goes far to stultify and discount the remainder of the argument, for his unfair condemnation of what he conceives to be the cause of human misery has so little that commends itself to reason that he lays himself under grave suspicion when he proceeds to discover and apply his remedy. There is something almost pathetically naive in the spectacle of Tolstoy supporting his onslaught on monarchy by a tremendous quotation from Macchiavelli's "Prince," wherein he takes with an almost touching literalness that master of statecraft's delicately ironical exposition of the uses of unscrupulousness for Princes; and as if quotation were not sufficient, he adds this comment: "All these truths were known not only to the Sovereigns to whom Macchiavelli is appealing, but also to all those who have ruled, and are now ruling, over men in whatever form. Whether it be in the form of a despotic monarch, a president, a Prime Minister, or an assembly of legislators and rulers, they all, especially those who have had and have the greatest success, without reading Macchiavelli, always did and do exactly fulfil his rules."

The function of rulers he reduces briefly to rapine and murder, with this subsidiary—the institution of laws which would justify and consecrate these villainies. This, he says, is precisely what is being done by present-day Roosevelts, Nicholases, Chamberlains, and Wilhelms, with their supporters and Parliaments. All rulers, he finds, are necessarily lower than the average moral level of their time and society. A moral, virtuous statesman is as great an inward contradiction as an abstemious drunkard or a meek brigand.

The activity of every Government he defines as a succession of crimes, and from this it is but a step in the Tolstoyan reasoning to the iniquity of land tenure. Man, deprived of the natural and legitimate right of using the land on which he was born, searches for some other means of existence; accordingly, for his own sake and that of his family he works, rendering the legalised tax to the robber for the right of living on the land and using it. He is also harassed by further taxation, direct and indirect, and he submits because all these demands are supported by violence—that is, by the threat of murder. Worst of all, Government slaves not only fail to realise that they are slaves and to desire freedom, but they imagine, especially in constitutional and republican states, that they are perfectly free men, and they are proud of their slavery. Herein is a shrewd thrust at ourselves, for if we turn to Mr. George Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman" we are assured by the Devil that "Englishmen never will be slaves; they are free to do whatever the Government and public opinion allow them to do."

In a ponderous sixth section of his treatise, Count Tolstoy ascertains the nature of modern coercive Governments, "without which people think they could not exist." He professes his assurance that he, for one, does not need Government administration, nor law-courts organised by violence; and he believes that there are many such who still continue to submit to the State and to maintain it. He asks the reason, and discovers it, he thinks, in the fact that the chief motive-power of a nation—religion—is among the nations of the Christian world weakened and obscured, if not completely absent, in the majority of individuals. The old religious consciousness has been outlived, the new one has not yet been conceived. The further exposition of this portion of Count Tolstoy's theme and his solution of the social problem we await in a second article.

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A FORECAST OF PEACE: AN IMPROMPTU ARMISTICE IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY XIMENES.



RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE OUTPOSTS DRAWING WATER AT THE SAME STREAM.

No great war is without its momentary and unofficial cessations of hostilities, and outposts seldom come together during a lull in actual fighting without fraternising and exchanging cigarettes. In Manchuria the necessity of drawing water from the same stream has occasionally compelled a truce.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE IN JAPAN: A FRENCH ARTIST'S IDEAL.

DRAWN BY PAUL QUISSON.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 2, 1905. — 235

"WHEN THE WAR-DRUM THROBS NO LONGER, WHEN THE BATTLE-FLAGS ARE FURLED": THE WORSHIP OF THE GODDESS OF THE SUN, SYMBOLISING PEACE FOR THE JAPANESE.

Peace concluded between Russia and Japan at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A., Aug. 29, 1905.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ROYAL VISIT
TO INDIA.

The Indian mail brings with it accounts of certain provisional arrangements already made in connection with the forthcoming tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses are expected to arrive at Lahore on the afternoon of Nov. 28, and will drive by way of the Fort and the Anarkali Gardens to Government House, where a State dinner will be given in the evening. After this the Prince will receive the Punjab durbars. The three following days will be devoted to ceremonial visits from the Punjab chiefs, an inspection of the Dufferin Hospital, a small dinner-party, and a ride to the Shalimar Gardens, return visits to the Punjab chiefs, a purdah party, a visit to the Aitchison Chiefs' College, another State dinner, a ball at Montgomery Hall, an inspection of the Fort, and a garden-party. In the evening of Dec. 1 the royal visitors will start for Peshawar. Amritsar will be reached on Dec. 6, Rangoon on Jan. 13, Mandalay on Jan. 16, and Prome on Jan. 21.

LAST STAGES OF THE
PEACE CONFERENCE.

There must have been a desire on one side or the other, if not on both, to bring the Peace negotiations to a successful close; otherwise mere courtesy to Mr. Roosevelt would not have saved the Conference from collapse, and the continual adjournments at moments when all seemed over were the only hopeful signs in an otherwise hopeless outlook. The Conference should have met on Aug. 28, but was postponed until the following day at the request of Japan. Mr. Takahira announced that he wished to have advices from Tokio that would place him in full possession of the Mikado's views. M. Witte, in assenting to the delay, declared that there could be no change in

OUR MILLENNIAL
FLEET.

It would almost seem at the present time as if Europe maintained her naval armaments merely to hasten the millennium. Brest and what was recently done there Portsmouth we know and for the promotion of international good feeling, and now the stages on the road are further marked by Ymuiden, Esbjerg, and last, and perhaps most important, Swinemünde. At five in the afternoon of Aug. 27 the Channel Fleet unexpectedly entered the roadstead of Swinemünde, and at eight the next morning the first and second German squadrons, which had interrupted their autumn manoeuvres by the Kaiser's command, entered the harbour to greet the British visitors. Admiral Wilson and his officers were entertained at the Kurhaus by the municipal authorities, and the company also included Admiral Koester and the officers of the German squadron. Admiral Wilson led off with three cheers for the Kaiser, and then King Edward's health was drunk to the strains of the National Anthem. Admiral Wilson proposed the toast of the German people and the town of Swinemünde, and remarked that the visit of the British Fleet to German ports

THE LATE
PROVOST OF ORIEL.

By the death of Dr. David Binning Monro, which occurred in Switzerland on Aug. 22, Oxford lost a force which was as effective as it was unobtrusive. Not only in the college of



Photo. Coburn.

A PROPOSED NEW PARK FOR SOUTH LONDON: PICTURESQUE OLD COTTAGES AT NORWOOD.

The County Council is negotiating for the purchase of several acres of land at Norwood in order to form a park. It has been proposed that some thatched cottages on the ground should be maintained as they are.

ports proved that the best feeling prevailed between Germany and Great Britain. The interest was not confined to the coast towns; for excursion trains were run to Swinemünde from Berlin, Halle, and Magdeburg.

LORD CURZON
AND LORD
KITCHENER.

The controversy between the retiring Viceroy of India and the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army has culminated in the publication of an extraordinary correspondence. In his despatches to the India Office the Viceroy had given an exposition of Lord Kitchener's views, making it appear that the Commander-in-Chief desired to arrogate all authority, and to reduce the Military Member of the Viceregal Council to a position in which he could not earn his salary. "He will not have two hours' work a day," said Lord Curzon, who proposed notwithstanding to appoint to this apparent sinecure so distinguished an officer as General Barrow. Lord

Kitchener says that his views have been totally misrepresented, and traverses every point. Lord Curzon rejoins by a heated reiteration of what he said before. The whole business is deplorable; but it shows that Lord Curzon had made his resignation inevitable.

OUR
SUPPLEMENT.

The pious follower in the steps of the Canterbury pilgrims may discover many marks of their journey between London and Canterbury, and also between Winchester and the shrine of St. Thomas. The latter route is still known as the Pilgrims' Way, and is marked by many chapels and rest-houses. At certain points it is lined by yew-trees, which are said to have been planted in order to mark the path, and a curious ecclesiastical association still clings to these, for in Surrey and some parts of Kent they are called palms and used for church decorations. At Canterbury there is a museum of relics of the pilgrimages. Our Supplement illustrates many of the points of interest on the Pilgrims' Way between Winchester and Canterbury.



Photo. Topical.

THE DISCOVERER OF CANADA: THE NEW STATUE OF CARTIER AT ST. MALO.

The statue of Jacques Cartier by Georges Barreau was unveiled at St. Malo during the visit of the French Northern Squadron.

the Tsar's views, and that Russia had said her last word. Mr. Roosevelt is understood to have made three appeals to the Tsar to modify his attitude, but the most that his Majesty would do was to agree to give up half Saghalien without an indemnity. During the 28th there were long deliberations at Tokio; the Cabinet Ministers met the Elder statesmen, and remained several hours in conference. They then proceeded to the Palace to continue their discussion in presence of the Emperor. The feeling in the Japanese capital became rather optimistic, and it was believed that the deliberations in progress might lead to some modification of the Japanese demands, which would ultimately end in peace. And so the event proved.

FRANCE AND MOROCCO.

Just as France and Germany seemed to be on the verge of a pacific arrangement with regard to Morocco, the Sultan has raised a fresh complication by imprisoning a French subject. This is an Algerian Moslem, and the Sultan claims the right of correcting all Moslems, whether they call themselves subjects of the infidel or not. This action cannot, of course, be tolerated by France, and the Sultan has to give up the prisoner or provoke the French to a demonstration of force. The seizure of the Algerian is highly gratifying to the warlike Moors, and to surrender him would damage the Sultan greatly in their eyes. France, on the other hand, must take some drastic action if she be thwarted, and the German Government apparently makes no objection. But if the Sultan should be obstinate enough to go to war with France, it is possible that Germany might take the opportunity to lay hands on the port of Mogador, which, according to the German papers, is outside the French "sphere of influence." Neither France nor England can admit that Germany is entitled to any territorial "sphere of influence" in Morocco. So the international situation is grave.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE DR. D. B. MONRO.
PROVOST OF ORIEL COLLEGE.

which he was the head since 1882, but in the larger world of the University, the Provost, whom no superficial observer would have taken for a man of action, exercised an extraordinary practical influence. Three years ago he served as Vice-Chancellor, and for a long period he had been a member of the Hebdomadal Council, where his words, if not exactly eloquent, always carried exceptional weight. A son of Mr. A. Binning Monro, of Auchinbowie, Stirlingshire, he studied first at Glasgow, and then came up to Brasenose as a scholar. At the end of a year, however, on his election to a Snell Exhibition, then, as now, the blue ribbon of Scottish scholarship, he migrated to Balliol. In the Schools his successes in classics included a double first, the Ireland, and the Chancellor's Prize for a Latin Essay. A Fellowship at Oriel followed, and then Mr. Monro settled down to that life of studious devotion which will leave its mark especially upon the Homeric scholarship of our time. Homer was his particular province, but his linguistic accomplishment was wide, and he was at home in French, German, Italian, and modern Greek. He had fine taste in art and music. Of law he had an excellent technical grasp, which stood the

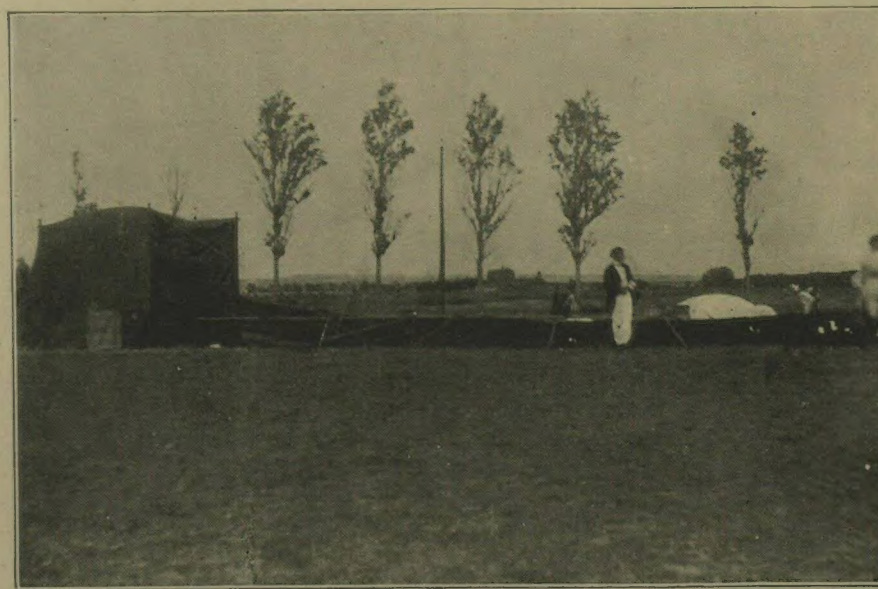


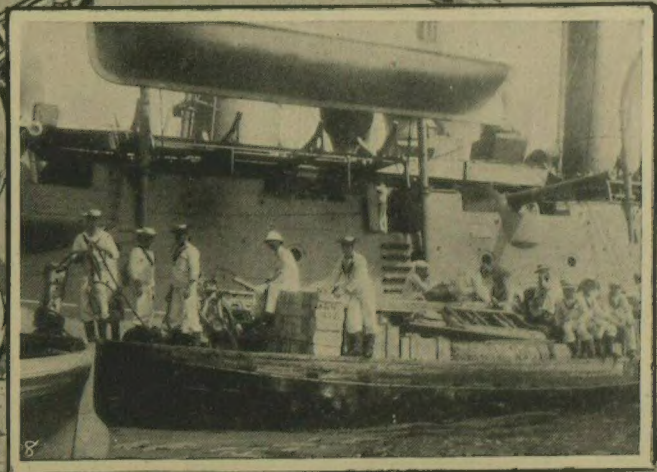
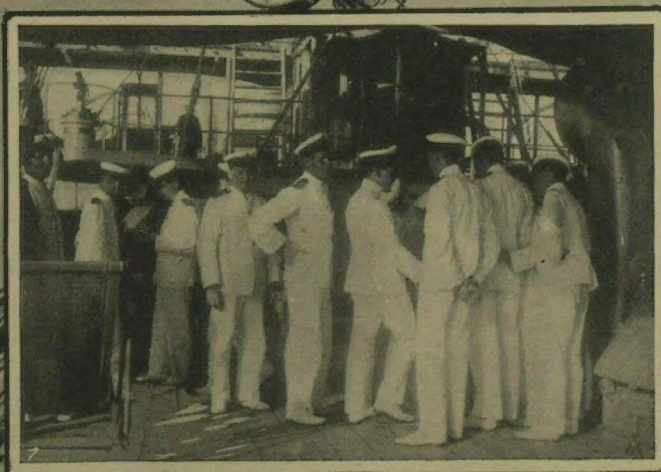
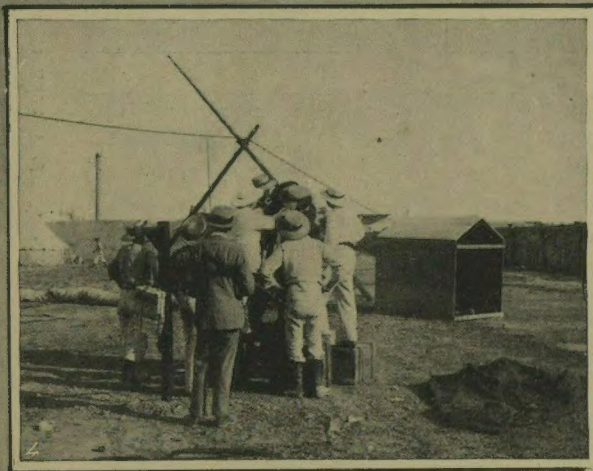
Photo. R. Leetram Jones.

A GIANT CAMERA FOR THE ECLIPSE: THE LONG FOCAL LENGTH INSTRUMENT USED BY THE GERMAN OBSERVERS AT BURGOS.

University in good stead when the new statutes were drafted. Oriel men the world over will hold in affectionate remembrance the late Provost as one of the shrewdest of counsellors and kindest of friends.

RECORDING THE ECLIPSE: THE SOLAR PHYSICS OBSERVATORY ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. WILLIAM J. S. LOCKYER, OF THE EXPEDITION AND THE SOLAR PHYSICS OBSERVATORY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



1. THE ECLIPSE CAMP AT PALMA, MAJORCA.

Following the line of the camp from the left, the first tent is that containing two coronagraphs and an objective grating camera. The second tent shelters the McClean 3½-inch equatorial. Next is the three-prism prismatic camera; the next is the dark room; and at the right is the 76-foot prismatic reflector. The poles at the extreme right are those on which discs are placed for observing long streamers from the corona.

2. COVERING THE TUBE OF THE 76-FOOT PRISMATIC REFLECTOR: BLUEJACKETS COMMENCING TO HAUL THE SAIL.

3. VOLUNTEER OBSERVERS RETURNING TO THE LANDING-STAGE IN THE EVENING.

4. SIR NORMAN LOCKYER BEGINNING TO ERECT THE MOUNTING OF THE THREE-COLOURED CAMERA TO PHOTOGRAPH THE CORONA IN COLOUR.

5. THE VOYAGE OF THE EXPEDITION TO PALMA ON BOARD H.M.S. "VENUS": CAPTAIN EYRES AND SIR NORMAN LOCKYER ARRANGING ABOUT ECLIPSE WORK WITH VOLUNTEER OBSERVERS.

The names from the left are: Lieutenant Williams, Sir Norman Lockyer, Captain Eyres, Lieutenant Stopford, and Lieutenant Horne.

6. 6.30 A.M.: MR. FRANK MCCLEAN ADJUSTING THE 16-INCH CŒLOSTAT, WHICH FEEDS THREE IMPORTANT INSTRUMENTS.

7. OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "VENUS" ENROLLING THEMSELVES AS VOLUNTEER OBSERVERS.

8. LANDING THE EXPEDITION'S IMPEDIMENTA (110 PACKING-CASES) AT PALMA: THE LIGHTER LEAVING THE SHIP FOR THE EXPEDITION CAMP.

Sir Norman Lockyer was in command of the Solar Physics Observatory Eclipse Expedition at Palma, Majorca. The party proceeded from Gibraltar to Palma on board H.M.S. "Venus," where Sir Norman enlisted many volunteer observers from among the officers.

THE IRISH DELUGE: THE EXTRAORDINARY FLOODS AT BRAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALICE M. BAKER.



1. FAIR GREEN AND DARGLE ROAD.

2. THE CRIPPLES' HOME AND DARGLE ROAD.

3. A BACK STREET IN BRAY.

4. DAMAGE DONE BY THE FLOOD TO THE RIVER WALL AND DARGLE ROAD.

5. A STREET IN BRAY (THE DARK MARK ON THE WALL RECORDS THE HEIGHT OF THE FLOOD).

Owing to the heavy rain at the end of last week in Ireland, the river Dargle rose to an extraordinary height, and flooded the village of Bray, a few miles from Dublin. The Dargle is usually kept to its course by a retaining wall skirting the high road, but a great portion of this was swept away, and a section cut out of the roadway itself. The water stood to a height of several feet in the houses, and the police, the coastguard, and the fishermen had all their energies taxed to rescue the inhabitants.

ALL ON THE BROWN KNOWE.

By SEUMAS MacMANUS.



Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

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MICHAEL CONNOLLY was now warm and well-to-do—trig and snug, as we say, with a faithful little wife and five rosy-cheeked children, and twenty acres of prime land lying along the bottom of Cronaraid Mountain. Though, indeed, one strip of his land, the Stony Park, tore away from the remainder, and sprang up the side of the hill for the length of a long gun-shot, enclosing within its upper limit the one little green patch of the whole hillside, the choice dancing-ground of the fairies of Cronaraid, with its little well whose waters were sweet, and which was called—though in Gaelic—The Fairy Bowl. With his dear little wife Mary, and his five chubby children, and his snug farm, Michael should have been, and was, a happy man, as well as a prosperous. To be happy and prosperous he well deserved, for he was a model to the parish, a comfort to the sorely-tried heart of Father Luke, and pre-eminently a religious man, whose fervent prayer in trial ever was, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."

As Michael was blessed, his trials were few. But one great trouble he had, else had I no story. 'Twas, under the Fairy Bowl that the cause of his trouble lay. At the bottom of this little basin of water—as all the world knows, and as anyone can find for himself by testing with his umbrella, and as one may often-times see laid bare, when in the summer the well goes dry—is a great broad flag—an unusual well-bottom, but be it remembered that this was a fairy well—a great broad flag that (as all the world again, and particularly the parish of Killachtee, knows) covers a crock of gold, that was hidden there about two thousand years ago by an old pagan, who, at the same time, left an ugly big serpent to guard it. This fellow has done his work well, and faithfully, having now for two thousand years, day and night, embraced the crock with many coils, quitting his charge only for five minutes on the morning of every Sunday and holiday—the five minutes of the Elevation during Mass in the chapel of Killachtee, which stands in full view, and lies only half a mile away from the well. During

these sacred minutes, the monster, free to quit his charge, uncoils himself, and by way of an underground brooklet makes rapid journey down the hillside to the larger stream below, returning immediately—a weekly walk for exercise merely.

It was this crock of gold that at one period of his life weighted for years Michael Connolly's soul, threatening the happiness that had always been his, and certainly undermining it, had not his good angel suddenly and surprisingly saved him in the manner which this story concerneth.

That the crock of gold, with its demon guardian, lay securely under the flag beneath the Fairy Bowl was beyond a doubt; for any aged man in the parish could tell you that the fact was an admitted one in his barefoot days fourscore years before, and had been, too, in the like days of his father, and of his father's father; and on account of the demon that

dwelt in serpent-shape beneath the pleasantly set Fairy Bowl, the Fairy Bowl was dreaded and shunned then as now. All his days, of course, Michael had known well of the existence of this treasure upon his land; yet had it not given him much concern. It was there, and it was not meant for human hands; that was sufficient. He toiled and moiled, gathering gold in the way in which it brings most benefit and least bane in its train. But at length, when through his own perseverance and the kindness of his soil, he attained that height of enviable affluence where a man may sport an unpatched broad-cloth coat, Sunday and holiday, fair-day and market, and look with pardonable pity upon less fortunate, more bepatched neighbours, whom, cheerily saluting, he passes on the way, Michael's mind, mysteriously enough, began to run more and more upon the hidden crock of gold. It was pity to have so much good wealth going waste,

of no benefit whatsoever to the old pagan who owned it, or to the serpent which guarded it, any more than to the world at large. It was wonderful to think that such a pile of yellow gold lay on his land, only a few spades-deep beneath the surface. What good might not Michael do if he had in his possession this hoard? Good to all his poor neighbours around him; to the chapel, that sorely needed a new roof; to Father Luke, whose black coat was very green; and to the world wide—not to mention, of course, the direct benefit resulting from it to Michael Connolly. This latter, Michael felt assured, weighed least with him—though, to be sure, there was a neat little farm lying into his own and belonging to Little Johnny McGrory, which would very soon be in the market (for, God help Little Johnny, the world was going ill with him), and it would be mighty pleasant if Michael had the power, by purchasing this, of doubling his landed possessions; and there was a field of Jimminy Hegarty's—no great things of a field, of course, but still a field—further up the valley, which it was thought Jimminy would part with if any



The serpent had come up unawares.

man had the pluck to dar' him with a neat price; and there was—ay, there were two or three other fields, or, maybe, four or more, here and there, which would fatten fine calves and raise a mortal grand crop of potatoes, and which would make a very valuable addition to any man's little farm. It would delight Michael's heart, also, to see little Patrick (his eldest) made into a priest—but it would take money to do that. And little Johnneen too was destined for paths of jurisprudence; for Michael had often noticed with stealthy admiration that, no matter what little gifts in the way of either sweets or toys or else came into the possession of the other children of an evening, little Johnneen owned them all in the morning; and money would certainly be most useful in developing Johnneen's marvellous legal talent. Altogether, money was far from being the ill thing that those who needed it were, for the delectation of those who had it, crying it up to be.

It was at the time that Manis MacLoughlin of Magheramore, who astonished his neighbours by building a house with a dozen windows and purchasing farm after farm of land, was said to have found a crock of gold on his land, that Michael, who never gave the matter a thought before, began to brood upon the great wealth which was so temptingly within his reach—so temptingly within it, and yet so tantalisingly beyond it. During the one little space of time in each week when an enterprising man might with impunity lift the crock of gold from under the Fairy Bowl, a religious man, such as Michael, dare not be there to do it. Even the very outcasts of the parish, who desecrated the Lord's day by playing cards for horny buttons at the back of a windy ditch (for, of course, no Christian house would harbour them), dare not be guilty of the crime of missing Mass—missing, too, that most sacred part of it, which was the time chosen by the wily serpent for taking his weekly saunter. Farrell McKeown, the ne'er-do-well, it is true, purposely remained away from Mass one day, five years before, in order that, when the coast was clear, he might steal the loan of Mick Meehan's game rooster for the Cock-Tuesday fights in Killymard. But, if he did, Father Luke gave him Carrig-na-Mlaguard for it for three successive Sundays, making him journey hatless and shoeless to Carrig-na-Mlaguard, or the Blackguard's Rock, and kneel there, telling his sin to an unsympathetic congregation filing past, and, in plaintive voice, beseeching their prayers. This price was too dear, even to an outcast, for the luxury of missing Mass. But, in Michael's case, the pious principles of the man were deterrent enough, not to speak of his moral prestige in the parish.

He sought for long to find a way of compassing the crock without incurring the contingent sin. He tried attending the Mass which in the neighbouring chapel was celebrated an hour earlier than that appointed for the Mass in Killachtee. This scheme failed him; for, though he quitted the Ballagh chapel the moment the priest had reached the trimmings, and ran like a man whose cow is in a hole, and though, likewise, Father Luke never stickled on the point of punctuality, but delayed Mass till even the laggards (to whom he gave a reception with his stick) lumbered in, Michael, when he arrived at the Fairy Bowl, panting and perspiring, coatless and breathless, always perceived—for the Killachtee chapel was just over against him, and a goodly portion of the congregation ever knelt, for fresh air and freedom's sake, outside the door—that 'twas after Elevation time with Father Luke, and the serpent had again coiled the prize which he had striven for as strenuously as a runner at Olympia. Yet it is highly creditable to Michael's religious principles that under such trying circumstances he could (as he did) bend forward his perspiring brow, and say aloud as best he could for breathlessness, "Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done!"

He thought and planned, contrived and recontrived, ever unsuccessfully, till at last, from being one of the most cheery and companionable of men, even an unsuspicious parish was beginning to ask had anything come over Michael Connolly, or was he going to become a brooder—for surely the world wasn't going again' him, and trouble coming down on him? Michael knew well he was a changed man himself. But he meant, with God's help, that he would soon be his old self again—and something better—as soon, in short, as he got that crock of gold into his possession. But until that was accomplished he could not keep the thought of it from his mind, strive as he would. Not even, God forgive him! (and contritely Michael uttered it) during his prayers—what time his head was *sure* to be running on the crock.

So matters were coursing when Michael found himself sauntering to Mass on Easter Sunday—of all days—turning over again in his head for the ten-thousandth time a new contrivance for securing the crock of gold and happiness evermore. It was a warm, bright, lovely Sunday morning, with blackbirds whistling in the hedges, and the brook singing in the glen, and the young people airily and merrily tripping past him, decked out in their gayest. But to these gay sounds and sights Michael's heart did not thrill as once it used to do. The merry voices of the passers-by jarred on his ear, and the genial heat of the day oppressed his frame; so that, when he reached the Brown Knowe—that favourite fairy-ground which rises so pleasantly from the wayside just within a gun-shot of the chapel—since there was yet plenty of time and to spare before Mass began, rather than mingle with his light-hearted poor neighbours, who would be chatting too cheerily for him around the chapel-gate, he toiled up the Knowe, past its one solitary occupant (to wit, Manis O'Gallagher's goat, which was taking a delicious lunch off a heather bush), till, coming near the top of it he threw himself down full-length in face of the sun, pulling his hat over his eyes that he might properly laze without any discomfort, and pursue the absorbing train of thought on which he had been engaged.

Oh, if only he could become the possessor of that crock of gold, how happy would he be, as well as beneficent! But, alas, sure he had looked at it in every light, and tried every contrivance, and was now forced to the conclusion that with the demon serpent guarding it always—almost always, rather—there was not any possible means of obtaining it—not any possible means, that is, short of missing Mass—which, of course, was utterly impossible—or nearly impossible—or very hard, at least. When, however, one permitted oneself the hazardous pleasure of dwelling upon that impossible possibility, what a gorgeous castle one could raise—a crimeful castle, of course—bad as Blue Beard's—still undoubtedly a gorgeous one. Ay, if only this great crime were not a crime! If a man could once—only once—remain away from Mass—a man, too, who had never missed Mass in all his life before, since he came to years of discretion! If only a man who had never missed Mass before, and who had resolved never to miss it again, could for once—only one single little time—remain away, thereby enriching himself, and securing his happiness for all time—in this world, of course, that is! When one came to think of it, if a man, even at cost of one little sin, acquired enormous wealth, could he not redeem his debt ten times over—ay, a hundred times over—with the wealth he should become possessed of, giving, say, as much as a quarter of the money to God's poor, and another quarter of it scattering chapels to His honour all over the face of the country, and living a rich, happy, contented, virtuous, religious man upon the other half himself!

Put defeat upon the devil by flight; is a wise maxim surely. It is ill to play with forbidden thoughts. Suddenly crying out, "I'll do it—this once!" Michael sprang to his feet, set his face towards Cronaraid and the Fairy Bowl, tore down the Brown Knowe, and literally flew in that direction—flew—for fear his conscience should overtake him ere he had reaped the benefit from the sin now, *de jure*, committed—which would be pitiable mismanagement.

He went by his own house, gripped a pick and spade there, and, shouldering them, sped onward, bounding up the Stony Park, and stopped not till he stood beside the Fairy Bowl, which, to-day, after a fortnight's drouth, was dry as his own hearth-stone. He gasped, trying to recover his breath; he looked away toward the chapel, and saw that the congregation were dropping to their knees after the first gospel. During the tedious age—common mortals had reckoned it by minutes—that then intervened before he observed the congregation prostrating themselves at the Elevation, Michael, with heart thumping at his ribs so loudly that he thought it waked echoes among the rocks above, and with teeth set firm as a vice, holding fast his desperate resolve, leant forward over the spade-handle, his protruding eyes on the Killachtee congregation. The instant their falling forward indicated the arrival of the sacred moments—moments pregnant for him, Michael was furiously tearing at the ground with pick and spade alternately. It was hard and tough, and troublesome, but he found he had ten men's strength. So made he stone and clay fly that an on-looker might not discern his figure amid the clouds of debris which filled the air around. But at length he had unbound the great flag at the well-bottom, and, for the minutes were too-rapidly passing, throwing himself hurriedly on his knees, the while big beads of sweat came rolling from his brow, wrestled with it. It came with him. And, at the sight disclosed his eyes were dazzled—dazzled! A crock of golden pieces, every one of them the size of a silver crown, and the rich colour of his wife Mary's yellow butter, calmly sitting there, now unguarded, awaiting the human hand to lift it!

I said he was dazzled, I might have said dazed. Because for the space of several minutes he could only gloat over the elbow-deep crock of yellow pieces which were to make Michael Connolly a prince of earth. He could not yet reach out to lift the crock; he could not rise him from his knees; he had not yet power to move one muscle—but it was delicious paralysis, during which he could feel the tears of joy crushing at his eyelids. Like a lightning-flash struck him thought of time and the serpent! And instantly he was himself again. He bent over the crock and laid his arms lovingly around it, entering—oh, Heaven!—into joyful possession! His ecstasy was interrupted by a terrific tug at his tail. He threw a hasty glance over his shoulder, let his great armful of riches drop back to its bed again, and lifted up his voice in frightful scream! For the serpent had come up unawares from behind, and laid hold upon his coat-tail!

He had delayed a minute too long. The joy of his possession had proved his undoing. He was on his feet in the fraction of a second, and flying afar over the country, but with the terrible serpent, a great and weighty monster, fastened to his flying coat-tails and streaming behind, heavily weighting him. He could see its dire, sinuous form each time he cast over shoulder a fearful glance. Halt, stop, or delay meant death, Michael well knew. His only chance of safety lay in speed, which would keep it at safe distance. If once he allowed his coat-tails to overtake him, he was undone. So, leaning still further forward to balance the pull behind, but with head thrown back and eyes starting forth anticipating his tardy feet—to his impatient soul they seemed tardy that were truly fleet—he flew, as flies the hare, straight ahead, down the hillside, across the valley, up the opposite slope, unto the highway which led past Killachtee chapel. As he neared the chapel and the kneeling congregation, he cried out with all his might that they might be ready to relieve him. Disturbed in their devotions, they turned heads over shoulder, and were seized with wondrous amaze at sight of Michael, hatless, wild-eyed, speeding, and shouting as he sped, from the serpent sailing behind. But their amazement was too profound to admit of their acting with the promptitude that the circumstances demanded. They should have knocked the cursed animal on the head with their sticks as he passed—a thing which, unluckily,

no man had presence of mind to do; and, alas, Michael could not wait on the sluggish wheels of these people's minds. He cursed them—Michael Connolly, who had never breathed banned word before!—and swept on. They got again their presence of mind, when they were in good time to be late; for, immediately he had passed, Michael heard their wild cries in pursuit, and he could know in bitterness of heart that they were now brandishing sticks and doing doughty deeds against the harmless air. And when they cried after him "Stop, stop, till we get a crack at the serpent, Michael!" Michael wished in his heart that he only could stop to get a crack at the senseless *amadans* who so shouted. He turned his head and flung a fervent curse at his following, while he strenuously strove for increase of speed; but the tug behind restrained his career, he thought, ever more and more. Away up the road, he beheld Patrick McGloan hacking at the hedge with a bill-hook, even though it was the Sabbath day; and Michael rejoiced for that Patrick's sin might now be his salvation. He yelled upon Patrick as he came near: the congregation still more loudly yelled upon Patrick. One well-directed blow of Patrick's bill-hook would give to Michael the life with which, otherwise, he felt he must soon part. In a minute Michael, to his mortification, beheld Patrick bound into the middle of the road, wildly waving the bill-hook to bar his way. Great Heavens! Patrick must think him gone mad, and the people pursuing to put him into the strait-waistcoat. Michael then made aim to fly on one side, past Patrick, who, seeing this, bounded to that side, getting directly in his course again. There was only one thing for Michael to do, and he did it. Lowering his head, he threw himself full force upon Patrick, ramming him in the stomach. Clearing his curled up body at a bound, he continued his fleet career. Manis O'Gallagher, who was cleaning out his byre when the shouting reached and roused him, got before Michael with a grip; and Eamon O'Binne stationed himself in the way, somewhat further on, armed with a scythe. Good Mrs. Bridget Boyle, still further on his course, came out with a pot-stick; Terry the tailor came forth with lapboard—all bent upon deeds of derring-do. But all of them ingloriously bit the dust—in each case quickly arising again, however, and with ardour throwing them into the pursuit.

Behind him now was Babel. But suddenly rising over it, sharp and clear, he heard a "Hi! hi! hi! there!" that was from none other than Father Luke. Casting back a hurried glance, he was somewhat surprised to find that Father Luke, on whose start a handicap in favour of his congregation must necessarily have been imposed, now led. He was waving his stick and calling in the imperative tones of a pastor accustomed to obedience, "Hi, hi, hi! halt there, Michael Connolly!" But, pastor or no pastor, Michael could not halt. The weight at his tail was becoming a weight at his soul. Instead of obeying he bent him for renewed exertion. Yet Father Luke (who had got miraculously fleet of foot) had in another minute overhauled him. A powerful whack of the priest's stick apprised Michael of the fact; and, at the same time, the priest's voice, in his ear, saying to him angrily:

"It's to Carrig-na-Mlaguard you'll march for this, my lad! Slumbering like a sloth, and bellowing like a calf, on the Brown Knowe, while the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is supposed to be celebratin'. And the remnants of the tails ate out of your new broadcloth coat, too, by Manis O'Gallagher's goat—who'd have got a taste of yourself likewise (and the devil's cure to you!) if I hadn't happened along just in the nick of time. Up with ye!" and he gave Michael, who, in sitting posture, was rubbing his eyes and trying to collect his senses, a sounding whack in the ribs that lifted him to his feet, and sent him down the Brown Knowe in quick time, and scurrying along the road to the chapel.

The congregation wondered why Michael Connolly looked so dazed as he pushed in through them—and their wonder was supplanted by subdued amusement when they got a glimpse of his rear. They would not have wondered at Michael's look had they known of the conflicting emotions that held him both then and throughout all the Mass—the anguished horror of all he had come through in the five minutes that he had slumbered on the Brown Knowe, and the all-as-painful joy for that it was not real. But, as minute after minute lapsed, the joy of escape outweighed more and more the horror—so much so indeed, that had Father Luke put his threat into execution, and sent him hatless, shoeless, to kneel at Carrig-na-Mlaguard, beseeching the sympathy of a jeering congregation, he felt he could have done so with delight swelling at his heart. As he walked home, breathing air that was as wine, the beautiful sense of relief that pervaded every nerve in his body made him utterly oblivious of the discourse directed at him by passing neighbours, and the smiles and sneers, alike—even the hilarious laughter of rude youths, who elbowed their fellows, directing attention to Michael Connolly's chewed-off coat-tails. He said to himself a hundred times, "It was a warning, Michael, it was a warning. Thank God for it! You have done once and for all, now, with that crock of cursed gold inunder the Fairy Bowl, an' ye're going to be happy again."

It is true that his good wife, Mary, raged, questioning him, when he entered home in his curtailed coat. But even Mary's rage was almost a joy to him now. He drew his arms from out the coat, leaving it with her, strode up to the room which was above the kitchen, closed the door behind him, and then knelt down, bowing his head above clasped hands, and in angelic resignation praying—

"Oh Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done!"—his eye inadvertently glanced through the window, up the Stony Park, and rested on the pleasant green spot which encircled the Fairy Bowl: and thereupon shaking his head sorrowfully, as he dropped back to human plane, he added, in undertone, to himself—not the Lord—"though it is mortal shame it should be so."

THE END.

AN INEFFECTUAL TALISMAN: AN IKON THAT BELONGED TO GENERAL KUROPATKIN.

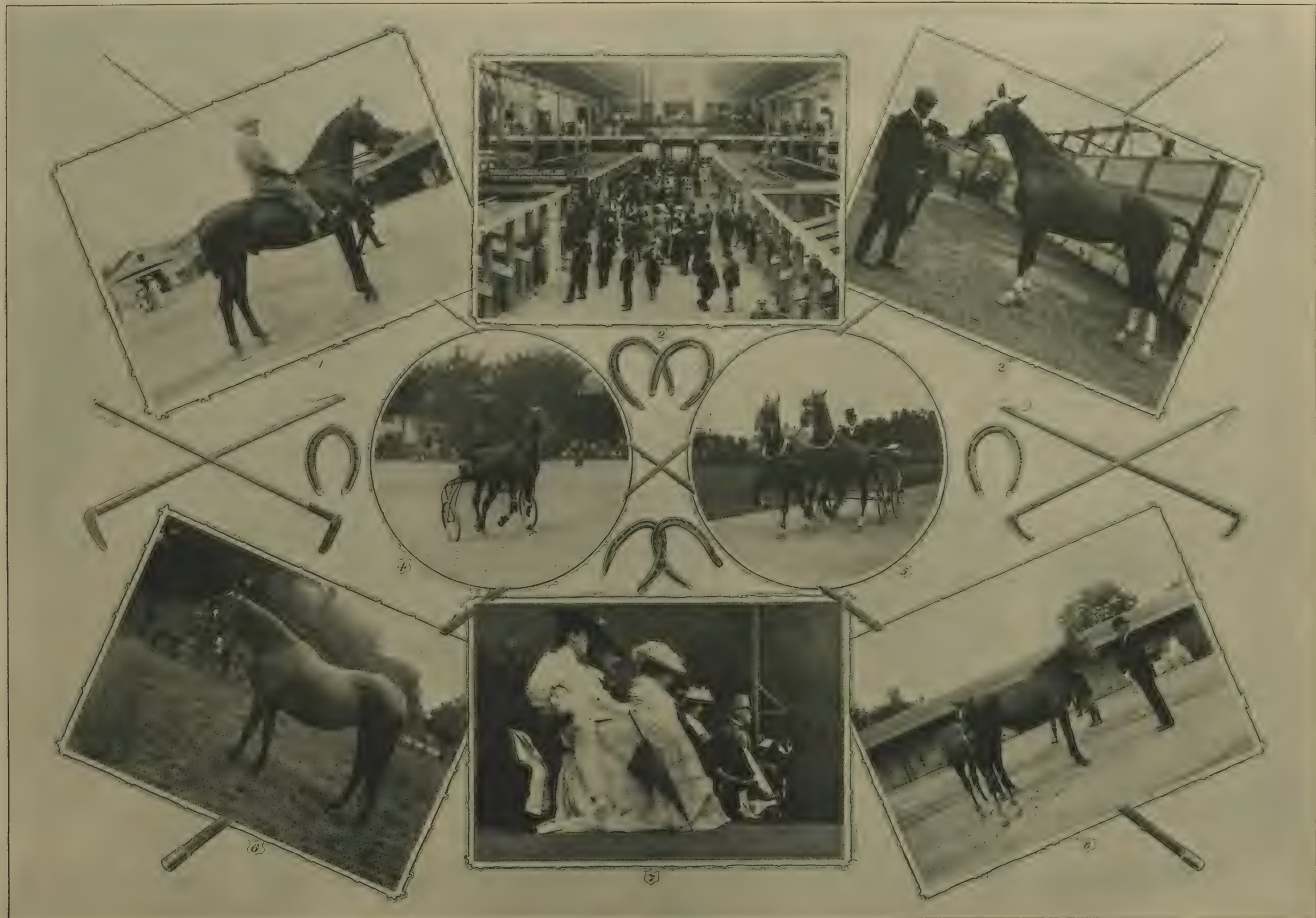
SUPPLIED BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY.



A SYMBOL OF FAITH IN THE EASTERN CHURCH: AN IKON, OR SACRED PICTURE, LOST BY KUROPATKIN AT LIAO-YANG.

The ikon was picked up outside General Kuropatkin's quarters after the disastrous battle of Liao-yang. Lost or abandoned by the Russian Commander-in-Chief, it passed through several hands, and subsequently became the property of an English war-correspondent with the Japanese forces. It was recognised by one of General Kuropatkin's staff-officers who had surrendered to the Japanese, and whose astonishment was profound when he saw that so valued a possession had passed from the General's keeping. The holy picture is set in a frame of silver, beautifully chased and enamelled in blue, green, pink, and yellow, exquisite taste being shown in the juxtaposition of the various tints. The panel itself is of the usual Byzantine model, the colour, however, being finely mellowed by time and the delicate craft of the artist. This ikon was particularly treasured by General Kuropatkin, who is not above sharing in the superstitions that surround such holy images as the one we have reproduced. General Kuropatkin firmly believed that the possession of this picture—originally presented to him on his appointment as Generalissimo by a merchant of Saratoff, in whose family the precious image had been for close on two centuries—rendered its owner immune from death and wounds received in battle. The merchant's ancestor, a soldier of the Napoleonic wars, had carried this ikon through a dozen battles, from which he had emerged without a scratch, and other members of the family had knelt to it through campaigns against the Turk, and in the fierce warfare that subjugated the Mohammedan tribes of Central Asia and the Caucasus. In the Crimea a member of the Kharloff family, who had brought this treasured ikon down to Sebastopol, participated in a dozen fights without receiving a single wound, although his reckless courage became proverbial. It is said, however, that this same man's brother was a scoffer, who laughed at the life-preserving properties of the precious image, and who was, therefore, killed the first time he came under fire. The Russian is still, for all his veneer of "civilisation," a child of the Middle Ages, and rather proud of the fact at heart. It is, therefore, small wonder that a surviving Kharloff should present, and General Kuropatkin accept, an image that is at once an emblem and a shield.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW OF 1905: DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AND NOTABLE PRIZE-WINNERS



Lady Dudley Viceroy.

1. FIRST PRIZE WEIGHT-CARRYING HUNTER, 15 ST. AND OVER: MR. J. C. WELDON'S PAT.
2. THE 'CENTRAL' HALL, DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.
3. FIRST PRIZE FOUR-YEAR-OLD GELDING: MR. LAVERTY'S GLENAAE.
4. WINNER OF THE FAST-TROTTING COMPETITION.
5. SECOND FOR DOUBLE HARNESS AND FIRST FOR TANDEM: MR. J. KERR'S ADVERTISEMENT AND PADDOCK WILDFIRE.
6. WINNER OF CHAMPION CUP AND SILVER MEDAL FOR MARES: MR. R. G. CARDEN'S LADY TACITUS.
7. THE VICEROY AND LADY DUDLEY AT THE HORSE SHOW.
8. FIRST PRIZE THOROUGHBRED MARE AND FOAL: MR. F. CALLAGHAN'S LADY GLENWOOD.

THE TROGLODYTES OF POLLET: CURIOUS CAVE-DWELLERS NEAR DIEPPE.



1. A FLOWER BALCONY. 2. A HOUSE OF THE POLLET TROGLODYTES. 3. A TROGLODYTE'S GARDEN. 4. A TROGLODYTE INTERIOR AT POLLET. 5. A TROGLODYTE FAMILY.

Pollet is a little port situated east of the town of Dieppe. Its original name was Port de l'Est, which has become softened rather than corrupted into Pollet. In this picturesque corner of the Norman coast there exists a community of cave-dwellers, a group of fisher people who have adapted the caverns in the cliffs to the purposes of human habitation.



THE KING OPENING THE MARIENBAD GOLF-COURSE: THE PRESENTATIONS OF PROMINENT RESIDENTS.

The King opened the new Marienbad nine-hole course on August 21. The first ball was driven by Abbot Gilbert Helmer of Tepl, the honorary president of the club, who received the King's congratulations on the excellence of his drive. The photograph was taken at the moment when Mr. Percy Bennett, the honorary secretary of the club, was presenting Herr Stadtrath Rubritius, honorary treasurer of the club, and other influential residents of Marienbad to his Majesty.



CATCHING STRAY DOGS IN ROUMANIA: A CURIOUS PRIVILEGE OF THE GYPSIES.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART FROM A SKETCH BY ROOK CARNEGIE.

In Roumania certain gypsies are given permission to catch all stray dogs not wearing collars. They lasso them with strong wire nooses attached to poles. The captive dogs are carried in a small wire cage on wheels, drawn by a miserable pony and driven by a boy. The gypsies keep the dogs for three days, during which they may be ransomed for two francs. Unclaimed dogs are destroyed by the end of that time, the gypsies disposing of their skins, and receiving a sum from the town authorities for each pair of ears. The practice often leads to pitched battles between the gypsies and the owners of the dogs.

HARNESSING NIAGARA: THE GROWTH OF ELECTRICAL POWER STATIONS AT THE FALLS.

SUPPLIED BY COURTESY OF THE "SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN."



POSITIONS OF THE THREE GREAT POWER PLANTS NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION ON THE CANADIAN SIDE.

In its descent from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario Niagara River develops the equivalent of about nine million horse power. Friction, however, reduces this to about four and a half million h.p. that would be available for mechanical purposes if the whole could be utilised. At the present moment on both sides of the river there are in operation or under construction electrical power plants, the combined horse power of which is about 500,000. Charter rights have been granted for works which will give 900,000 h.p. The scenic splendour of Niagara is to be protected by law.



LOADED DICE.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE NEW SHELLEY AND MINOR THEMES.

SHELLEY AND THE TEXTUAL CRITICS.

IT is no doubt a real enthusiasm for Shelley that has urged certain scholars to become the high priests and guardians of his text, we do not say of his Muse. For their labours we would not be ungrateful, in so far as they tend to get nearer to the poet's thought, but in how many cases does the microscopic emendation make any vital difference to what Shelley wrote and thought? Not once, perhaps, in twenty. It is impossible, therefore, not to view with alarm the encroachments of sheer *apparatus criticus* upon poems the most ethereal, the most spontaneous, often the most poignantly passionate and majestically musical in the English tongue. It lacks seventeen years of the century since the storm in the Bay of Spezzia silenced the singer, and yet in the time there has accumulated around Shelley's song a mass of notes, emendations, and variant readings that would not disgrace an edition of Æschylus, where that sort of death is presumably sweet and seemly. In Shelley it is neither. Let the text be determined, by all means, and then let it be printed once for all; but keep the discussion, the collation, the cross references apart in a separate volume, for Dr. Dryasdust's private delectation when he takes snuff with his cronies and expounds how careless Shelley was of grammar and punctuation, and by what subtle ratiocination it was determined to print all weak preterite forms with *ed* rather than *t*. The day, we suppose, must come when Swinburne will be stretched on the same bed of Procrustes, unless, providentially, Mr. Watts-Dunton swears an affidavit as to the proper form of every line. Then, and then only, will the textual critics have peace. But they would go to work all the same on the affidavits. Fortunately, we shall not see that day, but we have seen enough to give us pause in recent tributes of scholarship to the Divine Manes of Shelley.

This must not be taken to belittle the care and learning which have gone to the making of the new Oxford edition of Shelley (Henry Frowde), including materials never before printed in any edition of his poems. The work has been done with admirable acumen by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, editor of the Oxford "Wordsworth," and it is to be hoped that it will be allowed to stand as a proper tribute to the poet's memory and an authoritative record of his text. If that be so, well and good. But if it is only to let loose a hornet's-nest of meticulous pedants who will raise absurd questions on microscopic and insignificant details (for Shelley's text, dubious as it is, is not an "Agamemnon," and there are no great opportunities for epoch-making emendations), then indeed it will be time for those who care for Shelley to have done with annotated editions for ever.

To attain any nearness to the *Cor Cordium* nothing must come between the singer and hearer save the song. The paraphernalia of learning are destructive to the harmonies; they intrude an alien note deadly to the spirit, for verily in Shelley more even than in others this use of the letter killeth. The broad scope and content of his work is unmistakable, and whatever he lost by his too ready yielding to the temptations of metaphysics, when his Divine Mistress bade him be but beautiful and musical, there is no poet of his time who is nearer akin to the modern spirit. The modern spirit, indeed, has still some way to travel before it comes up with Shelley. Every day the "beautiful and ineffectual angel" vindicates the former and modifies the latter of Arnold's two epithets. The ethical consideration falls into minor importance before the paramount claim of the æsthetic, and the criterion of Shelley must in an ever-increasing degree be one of beauty.

We can afford at this distance of time to set aside all that approximates to crudity in Shelley's philosophy and be content to feel him live in the sheer greatness of his poetical achievement. Even the spectacle of the poet in the clutches of the Society for the Suppression of Vice seems scarcely worth indignation. What he thought, in the region of mere speculation, is insignificant compared with what he sang. The modern spirit is less concerned with his longer pieces than with the perfection of his lyric utterance, the power, dramatic alike and lyric, that recreated in the nineteenth century the fire and thunder of Æschylus. His Hellenic imagery is the purest and clearest ever attained by a modern. For where Keats only divined, and divined marvellously, Shelley knew. In the "Hymn of Pan" he is one with the god himself; he moves in that steep Thessalian landscape where the shadows are lengthening and the piping sheds its magic through the gathering dusk. Yet nowhere is there description, such as Keats would have elaborated. Suggestion and allusion alone compose alike the scene and the unheard melody. It is the Attic shape, fair attitude realised as was not in the other's power; yet Keats has his revenge, in that his words have here been laid under tribute for the better expression of the relation of the two poets.

Whatever accidentals time may strip from the body of Shelley's work, the essence remains inviolable, and the movement of modernity must be towards a fuller appreciation. To-day "The Cenci" and "The Epipsychidion" may still be limited in their appeal, but the essential beauty of the approach to such themes in a spirit of high seriousness is, at least, better understood. Shelley is still, fortunately, of the future. Perhaps it may be his supreme privilege that the ages will never quite overtake him. Therein lies the immortality of immortality; but those who worship the poet will do well not to smother his achievement under mounds of scholastic detail. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson's Oxford edition should therefore be final for at least a century.

REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

MR. BECKE has written a desultory but brisk story of open-air life in Queensland which cannot claim a high place on its literary merits, but is attractive because of its vivid descriptions of sheep-farming, gold-prospecting, and the like. He is, indeed, to be congratulated on the freshness of what seems to be his twentieth book, and is perhaps well-advised to leave for a time the fascinations of the Pacific islands for the roomier continent of Australia. But the love-story is conventional—even to the extent of quite unnecessarily making an unsuccessful suitor, previously of decent character, turn into a vindictive ruffian. We had hopes of spending much time in the company of a delightfully human boy, when we read at the outset that "Jim put a saddle on the brindle bull calf and tried to make it buck-jump," but Jim goes at once into the background and stays there. Tom Gerrard is a good-natured, happy-go-lucky young man, who is very hard hit by fortune, like many good fellows in a land of droughts and bank-failures; but he keeps his cheerfulness and generosity, and we leave him on the eve of what is evidently to be a happy marriage. All the essentials of local colour, from laughing jackasses to modern pale reflections of bushrangers, are to be found in abundance, and "Tom Gerrard" (Unwin) is not at all a bad holiday companion.

"The Mother Light" (Hutchinson) is a puzzling book, but the anonymous author maintains the interest of a somewhat narrow theme. There are only four or five characters who count, and the action takes place at the headquarters of a very odd sect in the United States. In these days of Agapemonites and Dr. Dowies there is no particular reason why the story should not be a transcript from life. A beautiful and penniless young widow is rescued from despair in New York by an old friend and installed in the inner circle of a sect which, casting off ordinary religious beliefs, venerates the light which influences all human souls and is more particularly concentrated in the person of one Ann Banks. The tenets have points in common with those of Christian Science: true believers are exempt from the ravages of age and death. Unfortunately Mrs. Banks, at the age of eighty-five, though well-preserved, is really moribund, and as it is necessary for her to make public "apparitions" and work faith-cures, the sect is in a delicate position. The beautiful widow, who happens to look like Ann Banks, is induced to fill the gap, and gradually comes to believe in her own acquisition of supernormal powers. The disciples are not as straightforward as Tibetans, who admit that the individual Dalai Lama dies and is re-incarnated: they require their "Mother Light" to be immortal. It is very difficult to see whether the author who frankly admits the frauds necessary to maintain the belief, wishes us to accept the creed as to some extent genuine. Certainly the votaries believe it: Ann Banks dies because the Light is, in her, overcome by material and sinful elements, not because the whole business is a delusion. Her successor, unfortunately, is very much inclined to leave her pedestal and marry a young doctor; but she overcomes her frailty, and when the curtain falls, is, apparently, assured of earthly immortality as the embodied Mother Light. The book is not a satire, and it is not irreverent. It is an enigma, and a well-constructed one. But the author has shirked two obvious difficulties in treating of the incipient love-affair: the man believes his innamorata to be really an octogenarian, while the heroine never faces the fact that to marry must entail confession of unpardonable deceptions, the knowledge of which would alienate any lover.

It is seldom in these days of historical romance, stereotyped by much travail in familiar grooves, that one comes across a story of an old type so fresh and charming as "Fleur-de-Camp" (Chaito and Windus). Many romancers before Mr. Godric Campbell have woven the adventures of hero and heroine round the immortal figure of Napoleon, who intervenes now and again in the lives of these young people, descending from the peaks of high destiny to take a passing interest in humble fortunes. Mr. Campbell has reckoned that Napoleon is still serviceable to the story-teller, and he is quite right. It is a century since Austerlitz, and yet the prodigious man who touched his zenith there still reduces to pigmy proportions the monarchs who play at the dictatorship of Europe. Mr. Campbell's heroine is a little vivandière, a child of fifteen, daughter, as she supposes, of an old grenadier, who has carried her through many a campaign till she has become the idol of the regiment. On the bloody field of Eylau it is she who saves the regimental eagle. Standing amidst the carnage, with the colours wrapped around her, she cries, "Save the eagle! To me, 44th!" and the heroic remnant of the 44th are just preparing to receive an overwhelming charge of Cossacks when the arrival of Ney at the head of reinforcements turns the tide of fortune. Then the great god of war, the Emperor himself, decorates little Fleur-de-Camp with the Cross of the Legion, and the old romantic spell works as nobly as ever. Of course, the vivandière is beautiful, and there is a gallant hussar officer who seeks her love, and is crossed by another officer who is a traitor, a spy, a stealer of documents, a treble-dyed villain, in short, for whom is reserved a fearful end. Think you that Fleur-de-Camp is really a grenadier's daughter? Go to! You are not so simple. She is the missing child of a long-lost father, whose behaviour is so remarkable that her unwillingness to be his daughter when he reveals himself is more than

pardonable. But Mr. Campbell's narrative never loses its thrills, whatever may be the eccentricities of his characters; and it is with sincere regret one finds that Fleur-de-Camp takes no part in the final struggle at Waterloo. Had she carried the eagle then, who knows what might have happened?

Dr. T. E. S. Scholes is a man in earnest, and the first volume of his work, "Glimpses of the Ages" (John Long) is a terrible indictment of all who venture to disagree with him. His contention is that the "coloured gentleman" is not only a man, but a brother, our moral and intellectual equal; and in arguing the matter out the author gives evidence of considerable research, much integrity of purpose, more than a little irrelevance—and some dulness. He aims first to prove that the Hamitic, Japhetic, and Semitic races exhibit melanous, leucous, and xanthous colouring, and claims that colour or complexion is a mere congenital phenomenon, diversity of colour being synchronous with differentiation of races, which in its turn is analogous to the differentiation of the organs of the human body. He holds that colour modifies the sun's heat and tempers adverse climatic conditions, here joining issue with authorities like Prichard and Blumenbach, who hold that colour is the direct product of the sun. Needless, perhaps, to say that he accepts Prichard's finding that the cavity of the skull in the Negro is generally in no degree smaller than in the European and other human races. We find all these opinions intelligible and interesting, but when, for the sake of the universal brotherhood, Dr. Scholes falls foul of Darwin and proclaims himself a believer in monogenesis, we are compelled to place him, as a thinker, upon the same plane with a painstaking gentleman who wrote to prove that the Children of Ham had their skins blackened by special miracle because of their sins. The author of "Glimpses of the Ages" pushes analogy almost as far as certain makers of fiction push coincidence. He mixes up science and faith, he drags all possible material into his net, and declares that its presence there helps to prove his case and confound unbelievers. We can but hope that, in the making of his second volume, Dr. Scholes will select his material more carefully and with more regard to its relevance to the conviction he wishes to enforce upon us. It would be well for him to refrain from long and laborious support of propositions that are not challenged, for his case as it stands at present is often better than his arguments.

Anyone who has attempted to study the origins of Christianity in the British Islands must have been oppressed by the paucity of original authorities and the superabundance of partisan commentaries. The career of St. Patrick, in particular, has been obscured by the attempts of rival theologians to prove either that he was a whole-hearted disciple of Rome or that to some extent he anticipated the Reformation. He lived in the fifth century, but the earliest biography dates from the seventh. His own writings (for it is generally admitted that his "Confession" and his "Epistle" to a Pictish chief of Strathclyde are authentic) are very meagre, but are free from the miraculous elements dear to mediæval writers, who turn him into a vindictive worker of miracles in season and out of season. Professor Zimmer, in a work which bears many of the characteristic marks of German scholarship, has tried to reduce him to a figure of very little importance, and to identify him with the Roman missionary Palladius, who certainly went to Ireland in 431, but is little better than a name. This eminent scholar seems to have a personal grudge against the Apostle of Ireland, and accuses him of having exchanged his real name, Sucat, in a spirit of snobbery, for the aristocratic style of Patricius! Professor Bury is not, like Zimmer, a profound Celtic scholar, but he has an unrivalled knowledge of the dark ages of Europe, and he is interested in the Life of St. Patrick (Macmillan) as a chapter in the extension of Latin influence to countries outside the Roman Empire. Most other writers on the subject have been Celtic specialists (where they have not been merely ecclesiastical advocates), and the treatment of an interesting episode in the history of Western Europe by a scholar who can apply the comparative method is to be welcomed in the interests of sound learning. Professor Bury is much more conservative than Zimmer, and his conclusions (which depend, of course, on a minute examination of obscure and conflicting details) may be said to establish St. Patrick as a great Churchman, whose career may be traced with some confidence. It seems clear that he was a Romanised Briton (Professor Bury thinks that he was more probably a native of Wales than of Dumbarton), who was carried to Ireland by raiders, escaped after some six years' captivity, studied in Gaul, was consecrated Bishop for the purpose of an Irish mission, and really made Christianity the established religion of an island over which it had little influence before his time. Dr. Bury holds that St. Patrick was, in his views and practices, an orthodox disciple of the Roman see, and that the Irish Church, after his death, developed the distinctive features which undoubtedly marked it in the seventh century. The story of Patrick's mission is in a very real sense one of the romances of religion, and we can recover enough information about the man himself to recognise him as a very fine character. Since Dr. Bury compasses his critical notes and discussion of authorities into admirable appendices, while his text gives a concise and well-written narrative, the book should appeal to a public much wider than the circle of specialists on the fifth century.

THE FUTURE WATERWAY BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC: THE PROGRESS OF THE PANAMA CANAL
UNDER THE UNITED STATES CONTROL.



1. UNCLE SAM'S PRINCELY ACCOMMODATION FOR HIS WORKMEN: ONE OF THE HOTELS BUILT FOR THE CANAL EMPLOYEES AT CULEBRA.

4. BLASTING ON THE CULEBRA CUT.

8. IN THE CENTRE OF THE ISTHMUS: THE PANAMA RAILWAY AT BAS OBISPO.

2. THE CATHEDRAL, PANAMA.

5. ONE OF THE GREATEST ENGINEERING DIFFICULTIES: CULEBRA HILL, AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE CULEBRA CUT.

9. THE BANK AND CANAL BUILDING.

3. HOSPITALS BUILT AND EQUIPPED BY THE FRENCH AT A COST OF OVER A MILLION STERLING.

6. EXCAVATING 8½ CUBIC YARDS AT ONE STROKE: THE STEAM-NAVY AT WORK IN THE CULEBRA CUT.

7. SITE OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE CANAL ON THE ATLANTIC SIDE.

10. IN THE CULEBRA CUT.

Photographs by W. A. Fishbaugh.



ENGLISH SAILORS IN ESBJERG HARBOUR.



ADMIRAL NEVILLE AND OFFICERS AT DINNER AT THE CLUB HOTEL, RIBE.



ADMIRAL NEVILLE, TWO OFFICERS, AND VICE-CONSUL NEILSON AT ESBJERG.

THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH FLEET TO DENMARK: A PEACEFUL REVIVAL OF OLD MEMORIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMANSEN, AARHUS.

At the banquet it was recalled how, the last time a British squadron of any importance had visited Danish waters, it had come on no peaceful errand, and the Danish host drew a pleasant contrast between then and now. Nelson, it will be remembered, when the Battle of the Baltic had gone completely against the Danes, summoned them to surrender, signalling, "Ye are brothers, ye are men."



AN EXTRAORDINARY ARRAY OF CRANES: THE ELECTRIC TRAVERSING CRANES AT HAMBURG HARBOUR.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

On the America Quay are fifty-two half-traverse cranes, each with a bearing capacity of 2500 kilos, and equal to a trial-strain of 3250 kilos. They are driven by a continuous current of 550 volts, primary tension.

IN A BURMESE SETTING: THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM "THE BLUE MOON."

Many cooks have gone to the making of "The Blue Moon," produced by Mr. Robert Courtneidge. It is written by Harold Ellis, with music by Howard Talbot and Paul Rubens; and the lyrics are by Paul Rubens, Percy Greenbank, and C. H. Taylor. The cast, which is unusually strong, contains Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Wilhe Edouin, and Mr. Walter Passmore.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE VIRGIN AT PIEDIGROTTA, AT NAPLES, SEPTEMBER 8

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA.



A FORTY HOURS' AUTUMN CARNIVAL: A NEAPOLITAN MASQUERADE IN HONOUR OF THE VIRGIN.

On September 8, all Naples goes to honour the Virgin of Piedigrotta. This celebration is a little autumn carnival, and is kept up for nearly forty hours, when the whole population is in the streets, singing, dancing, and playing on every kind of instrument. Under the Bourbons the fête was exalted into a Court function, and royalty attended it in gilded coaches. The Italian aristocracy still favour the celebration, and come from their country-places at Sorrento and Castellamare to take part in the festival, which they keep up all night, enjoying the wildest fun and playing on instruments with untranslatable names, such as the "scet-a-vi-jasse," "putipù," "zerri-zerri," "tricc'abballacche."

LADIES' PAGE.

While there is much talk about the decay of home life, it is good to remember that, in point of fact, the influences that radiate from the throne have been, for a longer period than any person living can remember clearly, wholly in favour of a united family and quiet, homely, affectionate relations. It is only necessary to know something of the history of the four Georges to realise that the home life that Queen Victoria introduced and that Queen Alexandra has so well supported is by no means a matter of course. Family quarrels, parental authority defied, and children regarded as the greatest source of the sorrows of their parents were too often the example set in past days. Now we all know that the Queen's greatest joy is to be able to spend some time, as she is at present doing, with her children and their children in the simplicity of the secluded home life that is established by the Royal Family in a far part of Scotland, and that all her children are devoted to her, as she is herself to the aged father whom she visits as often as circumstances allow. Queen Victoria, so fortunate in every respect, was so amongst the rest in her eldest son's wife; but it was the late Sovereign herself who had set the tone for her family of mutual devotedness and affection, and all that family ought to mean. People who assert that the moral tone of the country has deteriorated in our day in spite of all this good example in the highest place simply do not know what they are talking about.

Of course, conditions have changed greatly, and we necessarily accommodate ourselves to them. We all travel about more freely than our ancestors, because we can do so pleasantly and cheaply. We know more of the scandals and crimes of our day than our predecessors did of theirs, because modern means of diffusion of information compel us to do so. But this does not mean that we have not gained rather than lost. Women especially have gained enormously in leisure by the inventions that have taken work out of the household to be done by machinery. This is especially the case with sewing. Harriet Martineau says that "the time spent in middle-class families in sewing was frightful" in her youth; and Jane Austen (whom both Tennyson and Macaulay classed as near to Shakspere) had to keep a piece of needlework on the table to draw over her writing materials if a visitor came in, as writing was quite improper and the only fitting tool for the womanly hand was the needle. Now, although there is still plenty of needlework to occupy a good deal of the time of the mother of a family—dainty stitchery to adorn the best linen and utilitarian repairs to the ordinary garments of her household—the great and never-ending burden of plain needlework, of tedious long seams and hems to sew, is lifted by the sewing-machine's invention, which makes it perfect waste of time for anybody to sit down and pull a needle through for every stitch of such a sort.

All this makes an outward and visible change in our lives, and that change is to a large extent a happy circumstance. The lessened nervousness, anemia, fretfulness, and general delicacy of the woman of to-day is to a very considerable extent due to that one cause alone—that she has not to do all the stitchery of her family by hand. Not only is plain needlework a wearing occupation to sensitive nerves (it makes me perfectly frantic after a time, whereas I can write all day at need), but the leisure gained by its rapid accomplishment by a machine is turned to account in open-air physical exercise and variety of mental action. The consequent increased healthiness and wider culture and interests is all to the good, surely; and as the plain needlework does not need to be done at home now, it is no discredit not to do it; nor does buying machine-sewn articles show any lessened readiness to do what is still needful to be personally done in order to make home pretty, restful, and happy, as well as practically comfortable.

At the same time, women being merely human and the normal attitude of humanity towards work being correctly represented by the attribution to it of being

"the primal curse," there are all too many of us who waste the precious time. I am surprised to see the lazy lives that many women live whose fathers or husbands are in a position to supply them with servants and every comfort of existence. They neither take advantage of their leisure to cultivate their talents or develop their minds, nor exert themselves to make any artistic or useful material thing, far less to fulfil any wider social duties. To be a mere parasite, a useless consumer—is that not to be contemptible? Only let us be sure that all our duties, household and family and personal, really are performed before we seek more distant work; but after we have done all that circumstances require of us, if we still have abundant leisure, let the precious time not be wasted and frittered away, as too many of us in the comfortable classes do waste it at present. "Learn cooking, so that you may help and teach your domestics; improve your musical talent; try to paint; even make something that will beautify your house or adorn your own attire!" How often have I said this to one whom I thought would not resent it! And what do they generally reply? "What good will it do me?" they ask. "Well, at any rate," I reply, "you will grow, and develop, and be less engrossed with yourself; and how can I tell you how much good that is going to be to you, in this world or another?" But it is all so much on the side of

Herodotus tells of a tribe who, two thousand years and more ago, worshipped two statues by means of "songs ridiculing the women; there was a chorus divided into sections of ten, each under a leader, and they all sang songs against the women, but nothing against the men." Human nature is the same in all ages! Women as a whole are moral, devoted to their families, industrious. The idle ones of whom I have been speaking are the very few. A striking illustration of the quantity of work that is done without wages or record by women of the less well-to-do class has recently been afforded by a novel return issued by the Board of Trade as a part of the "annual abstract of labour statistics." It shows the proportion of families in which a domestic servant is kept in all the London boroughs and in provincial urban districts.

In the richer parts of London, as Kensington and Hampstead, the mistresses of eighty families out of every hundred have some assistance with their domestic and child-tending labours; but in Bethnal Green and Shoreditch only five families in every hundred have any domestic help, and in no provincial town does the proportion rise above twenty-five per cent., save in such places as Eastbourne, Bournemouth, and one or two other towns where the richer classes congregate, and where boarding-house keeping is a female trade. In Birmingham only eleven families in every hundred have a servant; in Manchester only ten; in Sheffield but thirteen, and so on. In other words, all the incessant and laborious work of a household is done alone in considerably more than three-quarters of the English homes by the wives and daughters living therein. Idle, self-indulgent, parasitical women are thus obviously a very small fraction, even if we were to suppose that all who keep servants are such; but that preposterous supposition would be far indeed from the truth. The wife and mother who has maids still must employ her own brain and physique in fulfilling her indispensable duties, and she is no more idle than the captain of the ship is so compared with the men before the mast. Perhaps this is often not realised till her hand is taken from the helm and her brain from the navigation of the good ship Home by protracted illness, or till her headship is lost for ever; but then the unmastered vessel staggers and goes wrong, and for the first time the value of "mother" and of her services is understood.

To parents the autumn of the year brings many cares, and it must be confessed that amongst the troubles engendered by the near approach of winter, not the least insistent are those of new warm clothes for the boys returning to school. It may, therefore, not be out of place to draw the attention of all those whom it may concern, to the seasonable productions of Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Limited, of 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, E.C., whose catalogue, entitled "A Text-Book of Outfitting," is to be had post free, and is a marvel of clearness and completeness. Parents who are not already aware of it may care to know that this firm are specialists in boys' school outfits, and can supply everything that the heart of boy can possibly yearn for at moderate prices. A special item has been made of the "Wear-Resisting" Fabrics (Regd.), in which a boy can

rampage about to his full content without fear of wearing holes in his clothes. The cloth is absolutely "all-wool," and this firm alone produce it. I cannot do better than recommend a visit to Messrs. Samuel Brothers' establishments. Prompt supply of patterns, or goods on approval, is sent, however, to intending purchasers who find a visit to London impracticable.

New models in hats are beginning to creep forth in the milliners' show-rooms, and though it is too early to know all that is in store, the new headgear is evidently to be somewhat "rampageous." Waving plumes, of the Paradise or pheasant-tail description, toss back over otherwise sedate felt boat-shaped hats. Ostrich plumes are set bolt upright on smarterer chapeaux. Bandeaux covered with many loops and clusters of ribbon and with autumnal blossoms tip some of the hats right forward to the brow, while others are by similar means made to stand on one brim above the right ear. The useful boat-shape simply trimmed with a deep band of velvet round the crown and a plain stiff wing, and a soft "Homburg" felt crushed in at the top, are also forthcoming for useful wear.

FILomena.



A DRESSY GOWN FOR VISITING.

Any silken material—taffetas or eolienne, for instance—can be used to express the smart design shown. The skirt is laid in alternate rows of tucks and insertion of lace, and lace to match is used as the yoke, under which frills of silk complete the trimming.



A CLOTH "TAILOR-MADE."

Dark cloth composes this useful gown for early autumn. Military braid is arranged on the skirt, and down the front of the bodice is a band of white cloth with embroidery in white and gold, and gold buttons to smarten the effect.

life's book-keeping. Stagnation and idleness are opposed to the laws of our being. "The end thereof's despondency and madness." A rich and lonely woman, a quite selfish and idle being, pampering her own whims and vanity to the utmost, and never casting a glance of consideration towards any other person's wishes or needs or the community's moral claims, is invariably a miserable creature at heart; witness all who know intimately such a one, at any rate, when youthful gaiety and beauty and the flattery that they bring are no longer present. Idle, self-absorbed days are the most sure recipe for wretchedness, often culminating in madness or suicide at last. Samuel Rogers thought these to be "the best lines that Byron ever wrote"—

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none to bless us, none whom we can bless,
None who, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not would seem to smile the less—
This is to be alone—this, this is solitude.

It is not without some qualms of conscience, however, that I address any criticisms towards women; not that I think that they are perfect—quite the contrary. Ill-educated, repressed in mind and confined in action for centuries, and still in an inferior position, how should they not display many of the vices of the dependent and feeble? But the chorus of male depreciation of women is so loud that no woman ought to add her voice!

THE PILGRIMS' WAY: LANDMARKS ON THE ROAD TO CANTERBURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS: SUPPLIED BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



1. THE KING'S GATE, WINCHESTER (ON THE RIGHT, TILL'S, A NOTED TUCK-SHOP).

2. THE MONKS' WALK, NEAR HYDE ABBEY, WINCHESTER.

3. ALL THAT REMAINS OF HYDE ABBEY, FOUNDED BY ALFRED THE GREAT: A GATE-HOUSE NOW A BARN.

4. HEADBOURNE WORTHY CHURCH, NEAR WINCHESTER.

5. AN ANCIENT INN, KINGSWORTHY, HANTS.

6. KINGSWORTHY CHURCH.

7. THE BIRTHPLACE OF WILLIAM COBBETT, FARNHAM.

8. BRIDGE AND LAKE, MOOR PARK, FARNHAM.

9. BRIDGE OVER THE ITCHEN, ITCHEN ABBAS.

10. THE FIRST CISTERCIAN ABBEY IN ENGLAND: WAVERLEY, FARNHAM.

The road followed by the Pilgrims from Winchester to the shrine of St. Thomas is still known as the Pilgrims' Way. It traverses the side of the downs for about thirty or forty miles, and is marked by a series of chapels and rest-houses. The designs in the border are symbolical of pilgrimages—the scallop-shell, a pilgrim's sign, and the scourge of the Flagellants.

THE PILGRIMS' WAY: SCENES AND HALTING PLACES ON THE ROAD BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND CANTERBURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS: SUPPLIED BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



1. THE CRYPT OF WAVERLEY ABBEY, NEAR FARNHAM.
2. THE PILGRIMS' FERRY, NEAR GUILDFORD.
3. THE NORMAN KEEP, GUILDFORD CASTLE.
4. ONE OF THE PILGRIMS' CHAPELS: ST. MARTHA'S, NEAR GUILDFORD.

5. THE PILGRIMS' WAY, NEAR ST. MARTHA'S CHAPEL.
6. AN OLD COTTAGE, SHERP, SURREY.
7. HIGH STREET, DORKING, WITH THE WHITE HORSE HOTEL.
8. RUINS OF ST. CATHERINE'S CHAPEL: ONCE A PILGRIMS' CHAPEL, NEAR GUILDFORD.

9. A RELIC OF COACHING DAYS: THE OLD WHITE HART AT GODSTONE.
10. OTFORD CHURCH, KENT.
11. THE PILGRIMS' CHAPEL, NEAR DORKING: CLOSE TO THE POINT WHERE THE PILGRIMS' WAY CROSSES THE MOLE.

12. THE INTERIOR OF THE PILGRIMS' CHAPEL, NEAR DORKING: SHOWING THE ORIGINAL ROOF.
13. OTFORD, KENT.
14. CHYVENING CHURCH, KENT: THE SCREEN OF THE STANHOPE CHAPEL.

15. A FORMER PALACE OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY, OTFORD CASTLE, KENT.
16. THE 13TH CENTURY FONT, WROTHAM, KENT.
17. WROTHAM CHURCH, KENT.
18. ANCIENT VIEW-TREES ON THE PILGRIMS' WAY, KEMMING, KENT.

On this page are illustrated many of the familiar sights of the Pilgrims' Way. Tradition has it that the yew were planted as roadmarks, and it is said that in Surrey and along some of the Kentish portions of the Way they are called palms, and are used in church decorations. The figures in the border are taken from the Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales."

THE PILGRIMS' WAY: OLD LANDMARKS ON THE ROAD TO CANTERBURY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIS: SUPPLIED BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.



1. THE MEDWAY AT MAIDSTONE.

4. LENHAM, KENT.

3. KIT'S COTY HOUSE, KENT.

2. MAIDSTONE PALACE.

6. RUINS OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE, CHARING, NOW A FARMHOUSE AND OUT-BUILDINGS.

7. THE WEST DOOR, CHARING CHURCH, KENT.

5. CHARING CHURCH AND RUINS OF THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE

8. ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL FOR POOR PILGRIMS, CANTERBURY.

9. THE WEST GATE AND FALSTAFF INN, CANTERBURY.

10. THE GREEN COURT GATE, CANTERBURY.

The Pilgrims' Way from Winchester enters Canterbury by way of Charing Hill, Challock Lees, and Chilham. In the border design are further characters from "The Canterbury Tales."

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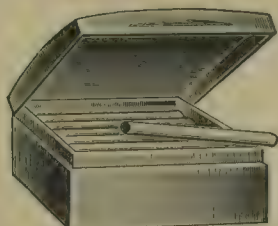
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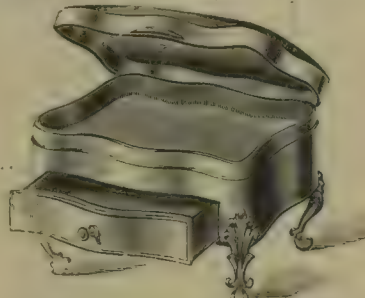
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—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

ART NOTES.

On a screen in one of the rooms of the British section in the National Gallery hangs the newly acquired "Whistler." The claims and desires of a multitude of admirers are satisfied by that screen's burden; for Whistler has been acclaimed by the leaders and chorus of the judgment of the day to be among England's great painters. In the National Gallery he rests amongst the masterpieces of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Crome, Hogarth, and Turner, though his immediate neighbours are, by good or bad luck, Landseer and George Stubb, R.A. The room which he at present occupies does, indeed, contain some of the least worthy canvases in the National Gallery. The acquisition of this work, and of the fine portrait-group by Fantin-Latour, opens a new epoch in the history of the gallery, the epoch which will happily see Corot, Millet, and other great masters of the nineteenth century represented on our national walls.

It has been proposed that the Winter Exhibition for 1906 at Burlington House shall be composed of pictures by British artists painted before 1890, and that the works of living painters shall be included. The fear that this will give us, in place of the valuable annual gathering of Old Masters, a repetition in some degree of the Summer Exhibition of sixteen years ago, has only too good a foundation, as the new project of the Council of the Academy is meant to encourage an interest, and a buying interest, in the work of living men. Unfortunately, a buying interest in painting does not necessarily tend to encourage the better sort of art; and, even if the Academy's Winter Exhibition of modern painting

diverts the buyers' money from the pockets of dealers in Old Masters and persuades it into those of the workers of the day, it will not of necessity mean a revival of excellence in the output of the studios. It is notorious that the world's great work

The members of the Barbizon School, too, painted, almost without exception, greatly in adversity. There is little hope, therefore, that contemporary artists will improve their paint, because their studios may be yet more richly carpeted, and their addresses changed from Bayswater to Portman Square.

A man who left his mark upon the England in which he lived was the architect, Alfred Waterhouse. The face of London owed not a few important features to his industry, and such works of his as the South Kensington Museum of Natural History, St. Paul's School at Hammersmith, the National Liberal Club, Owens College, Manchester, the Town Hall in the same city, and the Royal Infirmary and University in Liverpool are seen day by day by countless thousands. How many in comparison, we wonder, look upon the cathedrals of Bayeux or of Toledo? Certainly the architect of to-day builds for many eyes, though it cannot be said he holds his responsibilities more sacred than did the designer of the thirteenth century. Happily, Mr. Paul Waterhouse keeps the family name associated with the higher aims of contemporary architectural art.

Falmouth has opened a little art gallery in which Tukes and Hemys and the works of other artists of the Cornish School are to be seen on payment of the handy sixpence. Just now the attractions of the show are enhanced by a Sargent portrait of Mr. Hemy. The portrait-painter and the sea-painter have exchanged sketches, each in his own kind, a happy arrangement by which one of the most picturesque faces of our generation has its record at the hand of the greatest of living portrait-painters.

W. M.



THE MOTOR-BOAT IN THE SERVICE OF THE MISSION TO SEAMEN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE TOPICAL PRESS.

The Mission to Seamen has received a valuable auxiliary in the motor-boat "Dorothy," here illustrated. The portrait on the right is that of the Port Chaplain, the Rev. E. L. Collins, who is skipper of the boat; that on the left is the boatman, Mr. E. Barber.

has been produced without the stimulus of patronage. Rembrandt, in his old age, when he had arrived at his great period and manner, painted only for himself and future ages—his own age not recognising the later expression of his genius.

portrait-painter and the sea-painter have exchanged sketches, each in his own kind, a happy arrangement by which one of the most picturesque faces of our generation has its record at the hand of the greatest of living portrait-painters.

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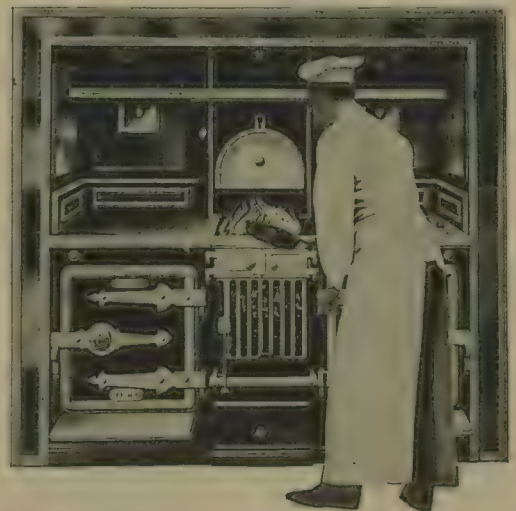
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AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NAVAL TACTICIAN.

BY THE LATE SIR W. LAIRD CLOWES.

The first of the three specimen questions which were once published for the instruction of possible participants in the *Times'* prize competition ran as follows:

In the eighteenth century, a young commander in the British Navy broke from the line of battle, without orders, to engage one of the enemy's ships. The enemy's vessel struck her colours; but, notwithstanding his success, the commander was dismissed the service for his breach of discipline. Another commander, defending Jamaica, did the same thing, and was so highly praised for his enterprise that a controversy arose as to whether he was really entitled to the credit of having "originated the manœuvre." Yet an interval of less than forty years separated the two incidents, and one of these officers had actually served under the other. Name the two officers. Answer.—Hawke and Rodney.

The person who drew up this question can have had very little knowledge of naval history save what he may have derived from the "Encyclopædia Britannica" or "Wisdom While You Wait," for his proposition implies in the clearest fashion that Hawke and Rodney, while occupying similar positions of command and responsibility, did similar things, Hawke, however, being punished and Rodney being praised. That such a proposition was put forward by the *Times* is proof that John Clerk of Eldin, and his writings, as well as the nature of the controversy to which the question makes reference, are no longer remembered in Printing House Square.

In 1744, during the engagement off Toulon, Edward Hawke, then merely one out of nearly forty Captains in the fleet of Admiral Thomas Mathews, took his

ship, the *Berwick*, out of her place in the line of battle in order to make an independent attack on the Spanish ship *Poder*, which he took. Hawke performed a gallant action, but had no right to quit his station, and was punished accordingly, but promptly reinstated. What he did was to break the British line, not the enemy's.

Saintes he certainly did nothing that was ever represented as a breach of discipline. What he did was to lead part of his own fleet through the French line. In Hawke's case it was breaking away from his own line that got him into trouble. In Rodney's case it was breaking through the enemy's line that gained him fame, though it is by no means certain that the manœuvre was the result of any deliberate scheme on the part of the Admiral. Thus the cases of Hawke and Rodney had nothing whatsoever in common, and were entirely disconnected; nor were they associated in the controversy which arose as a result of Rodney's movement.

That controversy turned upon the question: "Who originated the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line?" It is quite certain that the enemy's line, by design or by accident, had been broken many times in action ere Rodney broke it off St. Kitts on April 12, 1782. Indeed, in that action the enemy's line was broken independently by Affleck and also by Gardner. In the old Dutch wars breaking the enemy's line was by no means unknown. But, until about the year 1780, no formal system of tactics advocated, and showed the possible advantages of, the manœuvre. At that time Mr. John Clerk, of Eldin, a Scots country gentleman without naval training, took it into his head to review the course and issues of a number of famous sea-fights, and was driven to the conclusion that the tactical principles in accordance with which it was then the fashion to conduct a naval action were of such a kind as almost to preclude the possibility of a really

decisive victory being gained by either side. It was the custom for the opposed fleets, each ranged in line ahead, to pass and repass one another on



THE SUBMARINE THAT RISKED THE PEACE OF THE WORLD: THE BOAT IN WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT MADE A SURREPTITIOUS VOYAGE UNDER SEA.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. GRANTHAM BAIN.

On the evening of August 25 Mr. Roosevelt disguised himself in heavy oilskins, and amid pouring rain escaped like a conspirator from his house at Oyster Bay. His destination was the submarine "Plunger," which he was determined, against the advice of all his friends, to test. The President remained three hours on board the boat, and Lieutenant Nelson allowed him to steer, to control the engines, to work the submerging apparatus, and to fire a blank torpedo. Part of the run was made in total darkness, and the President is said to have been as delighted as a schoolboy with his adventure.

Rodney, in 1782, was a full Admiral and a Commander-in-Chief. Within the broadest possible limits he could do as he liked; and in the action off the

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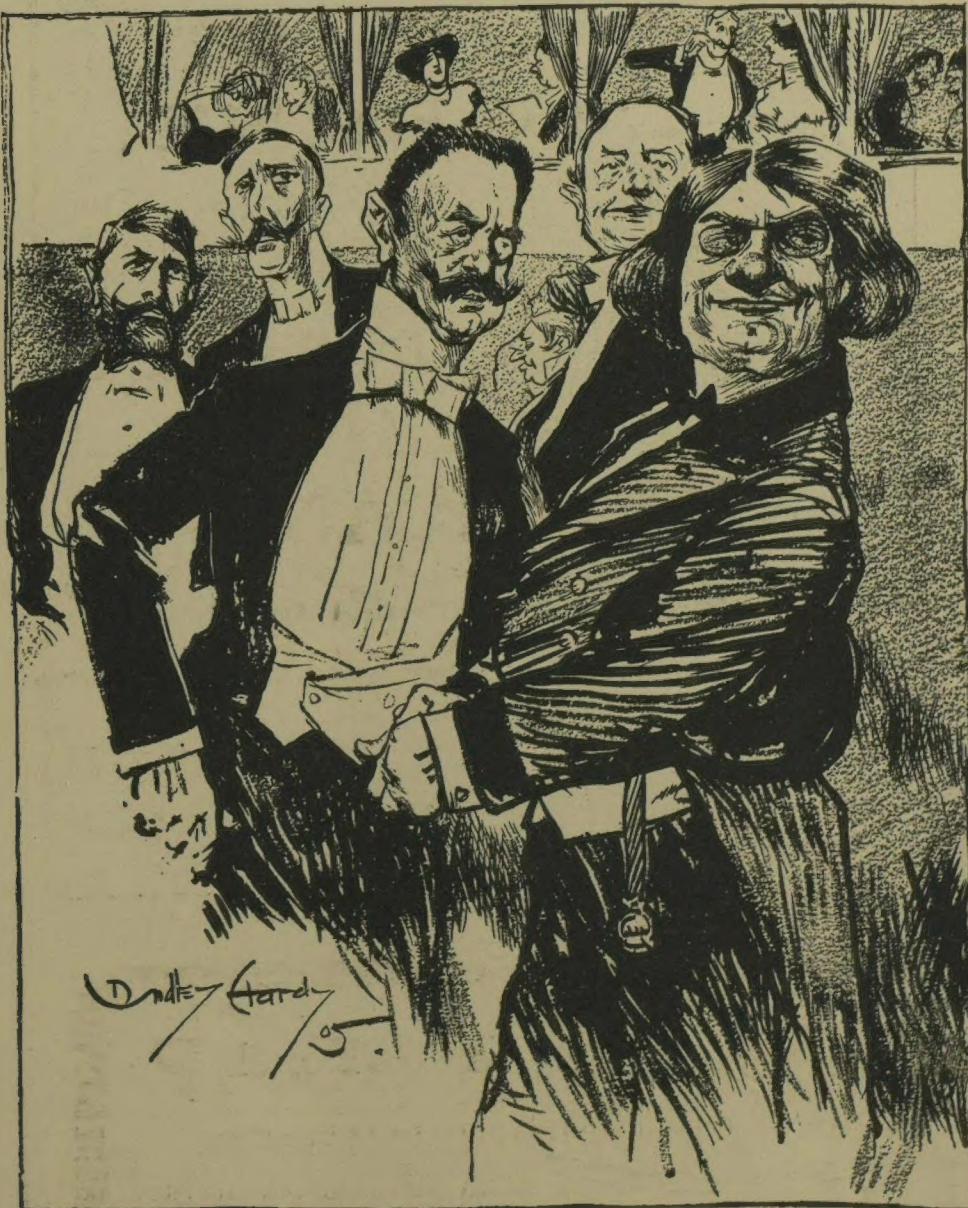
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opposite tacks, firing as they went, or to sail alongside one another, ship engaging ship. It occurred to him that, with a more perfect system of tactics, many British successes, which were successes and no more, might have been turned into decisive victories. And, by way of suggesting a means to that desirable end in future battles, he advocated the breaking of the enemy's line, with a view to throwing the foe into confusion, and to concentrating an overwhelming force of ships upon comparatively few of his vessels. He did not publish the whole of his theories simultaneously; but he gave the essentials of them to the world before Rodney fought his famous fight. Indeed, for some years previous he had been in the habit of carrying in his pockets a number of little ship models, and of pulling them out upon the smallest encouragement in order to demonstrate the value of his ideas.

It is admitted that Rodney knew of these. It is not admitted that, up to the moment when he broke the French line, he had thought of acting upon them. He appears to have been induced to behave as he did by the accidental circumstance of a sudden shift of wind. The controversy, therefore, as to the share of Clerk in the Battle of the Saintes remains unsettled. But there is no doubt at all that Clerk's theories, illustrated by Rodney's voluntary or involuntary practice of them, led to a revolution in naval tactics and prepared the way for the great triumphs of the golden period of British naval history. When Clerk, in 1804, brought out a second and revised edition of his "Naval Tactics, Systematical and Historical," he was able to say, not without much justification, that, after his theories had been made known, "our affairs at sea took a different turn; and have since had the satisfaction to see by the adoption of my system a decided and permanent superiority given to our fleets." Howe declined to learn from Clerk, and did his best to conduct the action of "the Glorious First of June," 1794, in what he called "the old way." But Nelson, consciously or unconsciously, was Clerk's pupil; and Trafalgar itself may be described as a brilliant variation on a theme of the philosopher of Eldin. Clerk's principles, in fact—though, of course, they have to be modified and adapted—are of value even to-day; and therefore, while Clerk was no sailor, he deserves, I think, to rank as a naval worthy. Trafalgar must have added much to his satisfaction. He did not die until 1812.



A RELIC OF THE ELECTIONEERING PAGEANTRY OF NORWICH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

This interesting old chair, which is of carved oak, gilded over, and covered in silk, was formerly used to convey the newly-elected Member of Parliament in procession around the city, borne on a platform by two or three dozen of his supporters. At intervals during the perambulation the Member was heaved up in the air. The last Member to be chaired was the late Sir Morton Peto. The chair is now in the possession of Mr. George Cubitt, Hercules House, Norwich, and he will be pleased to show it to anyone visiting that old city.

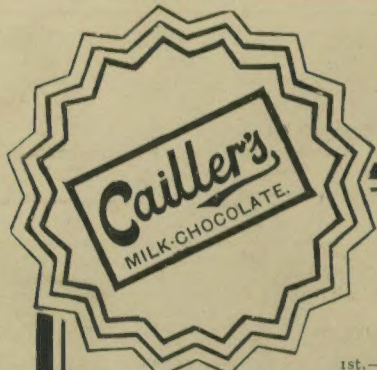
ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Dean of Canterbury announces that the necessary work upon the south face of Bell Harry Tower has been completed. The examination has revealed many unexpected fissures, entirely filled with vegetable and animal life, the face of the stone often being separated from the core and only kept in place in the most precarious manner. The whole of the south face has been strengthened and solidified, and all dangerous conditions effectively removed. The work on the west face has now begun. Hopelessly decayed stones will be replaced, and those less decayed will be chemically treated. The repairs will occupy several years, and it is uncertain at present whether the sum of £14,000 originally named will be sufficient to cover the cost.

The Art Exhibition at the Weymouth Church Congress will be opened on Saturday, Sept. 30, at three o'clock, by the Bishop of Salisbury, who will be accompanied by the Mayors of Weymouth and Dorchester. The civic authorities of several of the Dorset boroughs have promised the loan of their insignia and other objects of interest. Beautiful specimens of church embroidery will be shown, with a large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century Italian vestments. This is the twenty-seventh year in which Mr. John Hart has arranged for the exhibition.

The Dean of Peterborough (Dr. Barlow) has been acting during August as English chaplain at Saas Fée, Switzerland. The English church in that charming holiday resort was erected thirteen years ago, and there is still a debt upon it of £65. Dean Barlow appeals to the English travelling public to clear off the amount during the present season. Cambridge men, as he suggests, will be interested to learn that the last occasion on which the late Dr. Holt attended Divine worship was at the consecration of this church.

The annual report of the Church Missionary Society is full of interesting reading. In the chapter on Japan it is stated that the authorities have afforded the utmost facilities for Christian work among the soldiers, and have allowed the distribution of nearly 250,000 Scripture portions among the troops by the agents of the Bible Society during the first ten months of the year with which the report deals. The smallness of the missionary staff in Japan is much deplored, and the curious fact is mentioned that in some places the Buddhists have led the people to suppose that the terms Christian and Russian are synonymous.—V.



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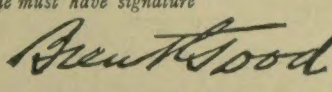
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of MR. HERBERT FLEMING BAXTER, of The Tower, Fitzjohns Avenue, and Sibdon Castle, Salop, who died on July 21, was proved on Aug. 18 by Fane Fleming Baxter, the son, Thomas Leslie Nelson, and Edward Lionel Thornton Stilwell Freeland, the value of the real and personal estate being £186,676. The testator settles the Sibdon Castle estate on his wife for life, with remainder to his son and his heirs male. He gives £21,000, in trust, for his wife for life, and then to his three children; £20,000, in trust, for his son; £15,000, in trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Violet Fleming Nelson and Mrs. May Fleming Fawcett; £250 each to his sons-in-law, Thomas Leslie Nelson and Dr. John Fawcett; £200 to Edward L. T. S. Freeland; £250 each to Ethel Frances Clissold, Elizabeth Constance Clissold, and Augusta Mary Warren; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his three children.

The will (dated May 2, 1904) of MR. JOHN WALSH, of Portland Bank, Southport, and of Sheffield, who died on June 6, was proved on Aug. 19 by Walter John Walsh and Thomas Walsh, the sons, and Gilbert Purvis, the value of the real and personal estate being £110,917. The testator gives five-sixths of his ordinary shares in John Walsh, Limited, and £10,000 to his son Walter John; one-sixth of such shares, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Norton; £50 each to the Free Hospital for Sick Children and the School for the Blind, Sheffield; £100 to the Jessop Hospital for Women; £250 each to the Royal Infirmary and the Royal Hospital, Sheffield; £2000 to his sister, Mrs. Kate Mulville; £2000 to his nephew, John Dundon; £500, the household effects, and the income for life from £13,000 to his wife,

Mrs. Florence Helen Walsh, and then for his children by her; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his four children, Walter John, Thomas, Mrs. Norton, and Mrs. Benson.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1903) of MR. CHARLES BERTIE PULLEINE BOSANQUET, of Rock Hall, Alnwick, Northumberland, who died on June 18, has been proved by Robert Carr Bosanquet, his son, Cuthbert Ellison Carr, and Herbert George Carr Carr-Ellison, the nephew, the value of the estate amounting to £77,688. The testator gives £500 to his wife, and the Rock Hall estate, the Manor of Thundersley, Essex, the balance of his account at Messrs. Barclay and Co., Alnwick, and his live and dead stock to his son, Robert Carr. The residue of his estate he leaves, in trust, for Mrs. Bosanquet for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1899), with three codicils, of MISS CLARA ELIZABETH HAYLEY, of Telham Hill, Battle, Sussex, who died on June 5, has been proved by William Alexander Haviland and Marius Herbert Gould, the value of the property being £45,077. The testatrix gives her great tithes and rent charges arising out of lands at Worthing and Hurstmonceaux to her nephew, John Newton Hayley; a mortgage security for £1800, her residence, and £800 Caledonian Railway stock to her niece, Blanche Katherine Kenneth Follett; her freehold premises in Pelham Crescent, Hastings, to her niece, Margaret Ethel Hayley; and £250 for the purchase of an annuity for her servant, Annie Collins. The residue of her estate she leaves to her nieces Katherine Emily Haviland, Mary Hayley, and Margaret Ethel Hayley.

The will (dated March 4, 1905) of MRS. MARGARET BARCLAY, of Herne Close, Cromer, and Exton House,

Hove, widow of the late Joseph Gurney Barclay, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 19 by Henry Albert Barclay, Edward Exton Barclay, and Francis Hubert Barclay, the value of the property being £22,280. The testatrix appoints £10,000, the funds of her marriage settlement, to her daughters, Mary Elizabeth Gurney Leatham and Margaret Jane Barclay. She gives £200 each to her sons; £1390 to her daughter Margaret Jane; £3000, in trust, for her daughter Mrs. Leatham and her children; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her two daughters.

The autumn season of the Mermaid Repertory Theatre will be given at the Great Queen Street Theatre instead of at the St. George's Hall, as previously announced, and will open on Monday, Sept. 4. For the first production, Miss Ethel Irving has kindly consented to appear for one week in her original part of Millamant in Congreve's comedy, "The Way of the World," in which Mrs. Theodore Wright will also make her reappearance as Lady Wishfort. Other productions will be a new play by Maxim Gorky called "The Beszemenoffs"; Robert Browning's play, "Colombe's Birthday"; "Paris and Enone," a new play by Mr. Laurence Binyon; Webster's "Duchess of Malfi"; "The Searchlight," a new play by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; Dekker's "Bellafront"; "Cleopatra in Judæa," a new play by Mr. Arthur Symonds; and Ben Jonson's "Volpone."

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